

The Sketch

No. 1082.—Vol. LXXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



THE FORMER MISS OLIVE MAY: LADY VICTOR PAGET—HER LATEST PORTRAIT.

The marriage of Miss Olive May, of many successes at the Gaiety Theatre, and Lord Victor William Paget, only brother and heir-presumptive of the Marquess of Anglesey, took place early this year. Lord Victor Paget, who was raised to the rank of a

Marquess's son in 1906, was born on May 17, 1889, and was educated at Eton and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Lady Victor Paget is twenty-seven. The marriage took place very quietly at All Saints', Paddington.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



Teresa Gives Advice.

"I tell you, wife," answered Sancho, "that did I not expect, ere long, to see myself governor of an island, I vow I should drop down dead upon the spot."

"Not so, good husband," quoth Teresa; "let the hen live, though it be with the pip. Do you live, and the devil take all the governments in the world."—THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE.

I should like to have known Teresa. She was a woman after my own heart. "Let the hen live, though it be with the pip," is a most excellent motto—a motto that I should dearly love to see inscribed over the mantelshelf of every home in the land. I defy any man to take himself too seriously with that gorgeous saying staring him in the face. And the same applies to the wife. When the husband stormed because his breakfast egg was hard-boiled, and assured the table-cloth that his home was going to the dogs for lack of proper management, the wife would glance, ever so slyly, at the advice of old Teresa. And when the wife, fresh from the fifteenth final interview with the cook, announced that the world was all awry and life not worth living, the husband would rise and tap the old motto with the stem of his pipe. They would each, at such times, loathe the motto, but that feeling would pass, and they would grow to brave "the pip."

Terrors of "the Pip."

I have no idea of suggesting that "the pip" is a thing to be despised. It is a grave mistake, as we all know, to underrate your adversary, and the pip is a very formidable adversary. He is formidable because he takes a lot of killing. One victory will not kill him, or two, or three, or even a hundred. But there is this encouragement about the contests—your adversary grows feebler after each encounter.

You may easily prove the truth of this by casting your mind back to the time when you were first attacked by the pip. You were quite convinced, at that tender age, that you would never survive. Children are the most pessimistic creatures in the world. Let the merest shadow of the pip cross their path, and they feel sure that it is all up with them. They see no chance of escape. Yet, wonder of wonders, they do escape, and the scratches are so slight, as a rule, that they leave no visible mark. Many scratches may leave a mark, but the wound will always heal if you give it time enough, which proves that the claws of the pip are not poisonous.

As the years go on, you take the measure of the enemy, and you begin to realise that you can conquer him. Once realise that and he is for all time enfeebled. Again and again he will come at you, because that is the poor creature's function in life, but you will presently be able to repulse him with one hand. Finally, after many, many battles, he will desert you altogether. It is rare to find an old person subject to attacks from the pip.

When the Enemy Flees.

But the shortest and easiest way of dealing with the pip is to overpower him by sheer odds. Being an insidious foe, this is quite legitimate. A foe who comes into the open and takes his chance of getting hurt may be fought in the open single-handed. But a foe who creeps and crawls, who is not above disguising himself as a friend, may be dealt with as you would deal with vermin. Nothing is too bad for the mean, slimy fellow. You need feel no compunction in abandoning all the rules of decent fighting. Hit him when you can, and how you can, and as hard as you can. You will not have

the satisfaction of killing him, because the foe who never shows himself in the open saves his worthless carcase, but you will teach him, in the end, to let you alone.

So get your best friends on your side when the pip attacks you. He hates to take on two at a time, but he can do it, and often conquers. Three is a better number, the proverb notwithstanding, and he has no chance at all with the right party of four or five, or more. I say the right party, because the pip has often been known to select a victim from the midst of a crowd and lay him low. It is difficult to organise the fighting force of a crowd. The silly things pull so many ways. Were it not for that, the pip would have been put out of action and killed off long, long ago. The waywardness of the crowd is his salvation. The pip just loves to see the crowd warring against itself. Would that we all had the simple friendliness of Sancho and his Teresa!

A Play with An Idea.

Theatreland is a strange land—especially, perhaps, the theatreland of London. Being in town one night last week, I went, quite by chance, into the Royalty Theatre. A play called "Interlopers" was being performed. It was in four acts. I had missed the first two, and I had to leave before the fourth was over, but I saw quite enough to tell me that here was a play with a real idea behind it. The author had hit upon a theme that I have often discussed myself—namely, that the father of a family is too often made to feel that he is of little importance in his own house as compared with the children, and that he must take a very minor place in the daily interests and affections of his wife as compared with the children.

It was a daring theme to handle in a play, because it ran counter to the established habits of thought of the people to whom it must appeal for support. For that reason alone it deserved support from those who care to give their intellects a little exercise. And there were other reasons why it deserved support. It was, on the whole, most excellently acted. I shall long remember one little gem of a performance that came from Mr. Campbell Gullan in the part of an old Scotchman. Here was a flawless piece of work, worthy of any theatre in any country. And the writing of the play, though a little too "booky," was quite above the average. . . . The next morning I looked for the advertisement of the play in my daily paper, meaning to go and see it all through. The advertisement had disappeared! The play was off!!

Theatreland is a strange land. However, let me commend "Interlopers" to the attention of the good workers in the field of repertory.

Swimming with the Tide.

"The majority of clever men swim with the tide." I take this pithy little sentence from an extremely able article by Mr. Reginald R. Buckley in a recent number of *T. P.'s Weekly*. The author of "Interlopers" should read the article and draw comfort from it. He will find, also, some sound remarks on the transient value of the "boom." "There was once an Ibsen boom in London," says the writer, "but Ibsen is played very little now. One does not remember such a boom in Germany, where Ibsen was well received as a pioneer, and now is respected and performed as a classic. Emerson experienced a kind of informal, suppressed boom, which, like a suppressed cold, is the more lasting."

Nothing could have been more neatly put. Young people think too much of the "boom" because they have not lived long enough to see the "boom" shrivel up and wither away as suddenly as it blossomed. The flower that blossoms fully at the first touch of the sun is a frail thing and dies under the first chilling blast.

THE MOST DOMESTIC ROYAL WEDDING: "INTIMATE" SNAPSHOTS.



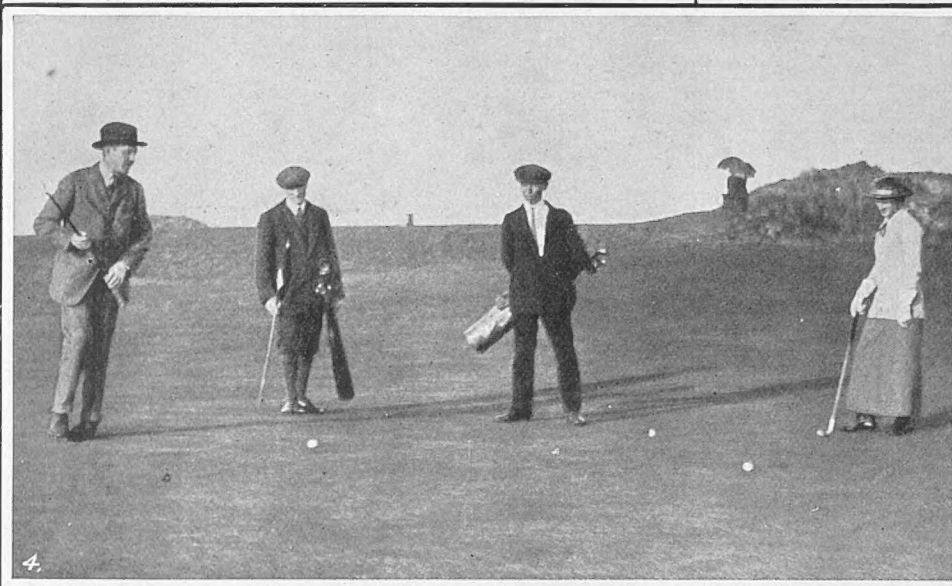
1. ARRIVING AT PORTMAN SQUARE AFTER THE WEDDING CEREMONY: THE PRINCESS ROYAL, MOTHER OF THE BRIDE.
2. HOME AGAIN AFTER THE WEDDING CEREMONY: THE BRIDE, PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, AT PORTMAN SQUARE.
3. LEAVING PORTMAN SQUARE FOR THE WEDDING: PRINCESS MAUD, SISTER OF THE BRIDE, A BRIDESMAID.

After the ceremonial of the wedding at St. James's Palace, formality was abandoned by the royal couple and their relatives. Even as they drove back to Portman Square, with their escort of Scots Greys, through cheering crowds, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught must have felt that they were among friends, so hearty and genuine was the popular welcome they received. Princess Arthur's military salute, particularly,

4. THE BRIDE'S MILITARY SALUTE! ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF THE PEOPLE DURING THEIR DRIVE TO PORTMAN SQUARE.
5. THANKS TO THE PEOPLE: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM ACKNOWLEDGING GREETINGS FROM A BALCONY IN PORTMAN SQUARE.
6. THE HUMAN TOUCH: TYING A SATIN SLIPPER TO THE CAR ON WHICH THE HAPPY PAIR SET OUT FOR THEIR HONEYMOON.

captivated all hearts. On arriving at her mother's house, the bride and bridegroom appeared on the balcony and again bowed their acknowledgments to the people. There was a joyous family group on the steps of 15, Portman Square as the happy couple drove off in their car, all unconscious of the tell-tale slipper tied behind it.—[Photographs by L.N.A., C.N., and G.P.U.]

THE GOLFING HONEYMOON OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR.



1. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT DRIVING.

2. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT USING AN IRON.

3. WHERE THE ROYAL COUPLE STAYED AT SANDWICH: MR. AND MRS. WALDORF ASTOR'S HOUSE, REST HARROW.

4. ROYAL BRIDEGROOM VERSUS ROYAL BRIDE: THE PRINCE ABOUT TO PUTT.

5. ROYAL BRIDEGROOM VERSUS ROYAL BRIDE: THE COUPLE ARRIVING ON A GREEN.

Immediately after their wedding, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught went to Rest Harrow, Sandwich, which had been placed at their disposal by Mr. and Mrs. Waldorf Astor, that they might spend there the first few days of their honeymoon. It was arranged that after this they should go to Paris for a few days; and after that to Biarritz (for golf) and to Madrid.

Photographs by G.P.U., C.N., and Illustrations Bureau.

ALL VERY PLEASED: SMILING ROYALTY AFTER THE WEDDING



THE CAR WITH A WHITE SLIPPER TIED TO IT: THE ROYALTIES SPEEDING THE HAPPY COUPLE VERY HAPPY THEMSELVES: PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT LEAVING PORTMAN SQUARE FOR THEIR HONEYMOON.

Here is reproduced what may be called the happiest of all the happy photographs of the wedding of Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duchess of Fife. Nearest the back of the car is Princess May of Teck, the youngest of the bridesmaids; on her left are Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) the King, the Duke of Teck, and

Prince Andrew of Greece. Standing on the steps in the centre is the Queen, with Princess Christian on her left. When Prince and Princess Arthur left Portman Square for their honeymoon a white satin slipper dangled behind their motor-car, and before they actually left there was throwing of confetti and rice.

Photograph by C.N.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Eighty-Three (from July 9 to
October 1, 1913) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE novelty of the week is a disappointing play, "People Like
Ourselves," at the Globe. Mr. Vansittart's work does not
fulfil the promise of his earlier piece, called "Cap and Bells."
Indeed, "People Like Ourselves" more truly might be called
"Puppets Like Predecessors," for although the author is supposed
to know the aristocracy from the inside, his "nobs" are just the
same old stage "nobs" of whom most of us are weary, and they
jig about in a plot, thin and far-fetched, and not manœuvred
with skill. What a lot of it there was, or seemed to be! From eight
to eleven of a piece with very little action is a severe dose, unless
the dialogue is not only clever in itself, but indicates character.
Mr. Vansittart's dialogue is sometimes clever in itself, often
not, but it fails to show the individual character of his persons who
utter it, for they all make the same kind of jokes—jokes against the
Radicals and Party Government and the distribution of honours,
and other subjects on which it is difficult to say anything that is
novel, whether true or not. The audience enjoyed many of them,
or, at least, the stalls did, for on this occasion the stalls were quite
full of the "upper circles," who screamed with delight when such
things were said as: "He would be a perfect Radical—he hasn't
any principles." Isn't that funny?—isn't that clever? Fancy an
evening with hundreds of squibs of that sort. It is the common
misfortune of a puppet piece that the players do not get a real
opportunity. Miss Ethel Warwick has abandoned some faults that
threatened to mar a brilliant career, but had no chance of showing
her real gifts; and the others worked heroically and tried to say
their jokes with an air of conviction, but had remarkably little
acting to do—poor dears. Long parts and little in them are terrors
to the profession, and even the really clever—such as Mr. Fred
Kerr, Miss Lottie Venne, and Mr. Kenneth Douglas—seemed rather
dashed at times.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.**METHUEN.**

The Lodger. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s.
The Regent. Arnold Bennett. 6s.
Below Stairs. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s.
The Second-Class Passenger. Perceval Gibbon.
6s.
The Way of Ambition. Robert Hichens. 6s.
Tide Mark. Margaret Westrup. 6s.
The Two Kisses. Oliver Onions. 6s.
The Governor of England. Marjorie Bowen. 6s.

HUTCHINSON.

The Devil's Garden. W. B. Maxwell. 6s.
HOWARD LATIMER.
The Red Room. August Strindberg. 6s.
WERNER LAURIE.
The Night of Memory. E. B. d'Auvergne. 6s.
The Shadow of Evil. Carlton Dawe. 6s.
Love and £200 a Year. Mrs. Alfred Praga. 2s.
net.

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and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and
jokes at a fixed rate.

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Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—
are particularly desired.

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beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any
used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints
of well-known and continually photographed places.

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the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their
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destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the
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OUT-CROMWELLING CROMWELL: PERIL ON THE SEA: TWO BATTLE CENTENARIES: UNEXPLORED BRAZIL.

The Mexican Cromwell.

The world seems to be in a very disturbed state just now, and some States in every Continent appear to have copied the bad example set them in the Balkans. In Mexico, General Huerta is out-Cromwelling Cromwell in his treatment of the Members of Congress. He has arrested the hundred and fifteen Deputies who complained that the rights of Congress were being infringed, and all the hundred and fifteen are going to be tried on various charges. General Huerta came into power on the assassination of the last President, and since his accession Mexico has been in a state of civil war. The United States have constantly been on the point of intervention, but this was staved off when General Huerta gave assurances that he would not be a candidate for the office of President at the coming election. Whether he intends to keep this promise is, I should imagine, very doubtful.

The "Volturno" Disaster.

So far as can be seen at present, there are few lessons to be learned from the awful catastrophe of the burning of the *Volturno* at sea. Every preparation that could humanly be made against disasters had been made by the builders and owners of the ship; its bulkheads withstood the flames very stoutly, there was an abundance of life-belts on board, and the ship carried boats that would have held a thousand people. The wireless installation on board worked quite satisfactorily, and the liners that came rushing up to help could, under ordinary circumstances, have taken off and cared for twenty times the number of passengers that were on the doomed ship. But a very usual state of Atlantic weather defeated all man's ingenuity and all the anxiety of the captains of the great liners within hail to assist human beings in great danger, until, providentially, the gale lulled.

"The Battle of the Nations."

The great statue at Leipzig by which Germany commemorates "The Battle of the Nations"—when the armies of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, with a small detachment of English gunners who greatly distinguished themselves, overcame Napoleon himself at the head of 157,000 troops—has been unveiled with due ceremony. Leipzig was, next to Waterloo, the most severe defeat the great Corsican ever encountered, and it proved to be the beginning of the end of his power; but it is indicative of the prestige of Napoleon and the gallantry of his veterans that the Allies considered it necessary to put 300,000 men—nearly twice the number of the French army—in line against him.

The Waterloo Centenary.

The centenary of the Battle of Waterloo is gradually coming nearer and nearer, and if that great battle is to be remembered in a fitting manner, it is not a moment too early to commence the organisation for its celebration. It has been suggested—and the suggestion seems to me to be an admirable one—that all the nations who took part in the great fight on Belgian territory should combine to erect a monument worthy of the occasion to the brave men of all the nations who fell in the battle. There are monuments, of course, already on the field of battle, of which the Belgian Lion is the most conspicuous, but each nation has honoured its heroes in its own way, and there is no great combined monument to the valourous dead. All the soreness left by the battle has been outworn in the century which has passed: France is our best friend now on the Continent, and we have no feeling of hostility towards Germany, though we occasionally squabble with her.

The Land of Nightmares.

North-west Brazil has been one of the blank spots on the map that all explorers have looked at longingly, for it has been one of the beautiful blank spaces, with the rivers that flow through it mostly shown in dotted lines. Dr. Hamilton Rice, the American surgeon and traveller, has now mapped out a great deal of the unknown land, but his experiences do not suggest that this part of Brazil is ever likely to be a playground for those who like easy travelling. The small streams were alive with sword-fish, which inflicted ugly septic wounds; continuous thunderstorms flooded out the camps of the explorer, and when the rain stopped, myriads of ants and bees and mosquitoes appeared and tortured Dr. Rice and his followers. A snake-infested swamp was one of the obstacles the explorers had to pass over; some of the country they went through was not only uninhabited, but it was evident that no human being had ever been there, for the wild animals were absolutely tame, the tapirs swam round the canoe in which the explorers ascended the rivers, and at night the jaguars sniffed round the mosquito-nets under which they slept, and had to be driven away as though they were pariah dogs. The monkeys also had no fear of man, for which they received a poor return, for monkey-flesh was the chief sustenance of the explorer and his Indian guides. Amongst the strange things that the traveller describes is a colony composed entirely of male Indians



THE ROYAL BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM IN THE WAX-WORK VALHALLA OF MARYLEBONE: FIGURES OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT AT MME. TUSSAUD'S.



TURNED OUT TO HONOUR THEIR FELLOW-DRAGOON ON HIS WEDDING-DAY: PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT'S ESCORT OF ROYAL SCOTS GREYS, COMMANDED BY LIEUTENANT G. F. A. PIGOT-MOODIE AND LIEUTENANT THE EARL OF ST. GERMAN'S.

After their wedding at St. James's Palace on Oct. 15 Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught were accompanied to the bride's home in Portman Square by an escort of 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys), Prince Arthur's regiment. Non-commissioned officers and troopers of the same regiment also lined the route of the processions from the head of the Grand Staircase to the Chapel Royal.—[Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]

they found in the forest. No doubt, some Brazilian Indian who had seen on the coast a monastery had told his fellow-Indians of the calm of life in such an institution.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE—FOR DARING TO OPPOSE HIS AUGUST FATHER IN REGARD TO HANOVER.

The German Crown Prince took sides against his father the Kaiser in the controversy as to whether Prince Ernst of Cumberland should formally renounce all claim to the throne of Hanover before becoming Duke of Brunswick. The Crown Prince thought he should, but the Kaiser regarded as sufficient his military oath on entering the Prussian Army.—The Kaiser was in good form the other day when he visited Trier (Treves) for the opening of the new Kaiser Wilhelm



THE GERMAN EMPEROR—FOR FLOORING A PROVINCIAL GOVERNOR IN A VIVA-VOCE EXAMINATION ON THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF HIS PROVINCE.

Bridge over the Moselle in honour of the twenty-fifth year of his reign. He jokingly put the President of the Rhine Province through his paces in local Roman History, which he himself had no doubt been reading up, and stumped the President badly.—Lord Edward Grosvenor, the youngest of the Duke of Westminster's uncles, and not yet twenty-one, is attached to No. 1 Airship Squadron at Farnborough. He is a qualified aeroplane pilot.

Photographs by Topical, Grohs, and Navello.



LORD EDWARD GROSVENOR—FOR HIS SOARING AMBITION TO SHINE AS A MILITARY AIRMAN.



MR. CHILDS FRICK—FOR HAVING A FATHER WHO MAKES WEDDING PRESENTS OF £400,000.

Mr. Childs Frick, the son of Mr. Henry Clay Frick, a Pittsburg millionaire, recently married Miss Frances Shoemaker, of Baltimore. Mr. Frick's father has, it is said, settled upon him £2,400,000, and just after the wedding gave the bride a cheque for £400,000 when she had only expected £200,000.—



LIEUTENANT RONIN—FOR BEING THE FIRST AIR-POSTMAN ON A REGULAR SERVICE.



THE LORD ADVOCATE—FOR HAVING PLACED HIMSELF ABOVE CRITICISM.

Lieutenant Ronin inaugurated the first regular aerial postal service by carrying letters by air from Villacoublay to St. Julien. Mr. Alexander Ure, M.P., Lord Advocate, has been made President of the Court of Session in Edinburgh.—Mr. Lloyd George's statement that pheasants eat mangold-wurzels has aroused much controversy.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE—FOR HIS DREADFUL NEWS ABOUT PHEASANTS AND MANGOLD-WURZELS.

Photographs by Topical, C.N., Lafayette, and Thompson.



CAPTAIN HARWOOD—FOR PROVING THE EFFICACY OF POURING OIL UPON TROUBLED WATERS.

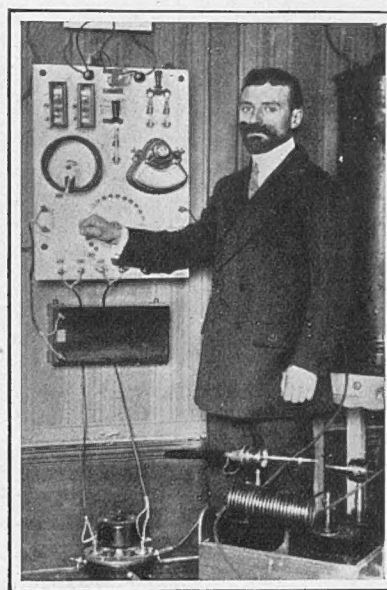
Captain Harwood, of the oil-tank steamer "Narragansett," whose aid was of such value in the "Vulturo" disaster, said, on arriving in the Thames: "It was the oil alone that made it possible for them to approach the 'Vulturo.' . . . It was lubricating oil, so there was no danger that it would catch fire. . . . We used less than 50 tons of oil out of about 3000 tons. I think every liner ought to carry an oil-tank."—Probably the heaviest individual passenger ever carried in an aeroplane was a lady who went up with Mr. Louis Noel at Hendon



MR. LOUIS NOEL'S PASSENGER—FOR NOT LETTING HER NINETEEN STONE TEN WEIGH ON HER SPIRITS IN THE AIR.

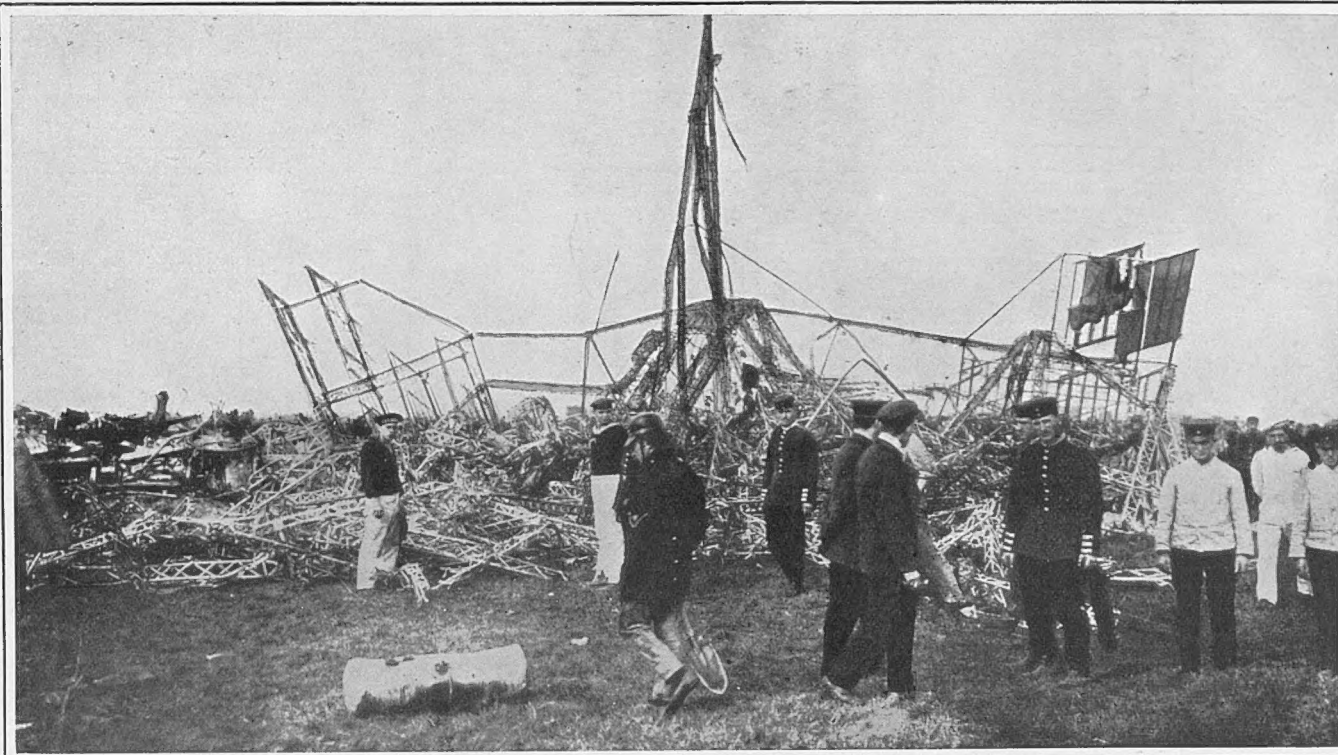
the other day, in a Grahame-White biplane. She was not deterred from flying by the fact that she weighs 19 stone 10 lb., and was delighted with her trip.—Signor Ulivi, the inventor of the F-Rays, which, he claims, can blow up battle-ships and magazines, shells and cartridges, from great distances, and thus render artillery and firearms useless, evidently believes that explosion, like charity, should begin at home. In his first practical experiment he tried the F-Rays on his own gas-meter, which blew up and nearly blew him up, too.

Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co., Topical, and C.N.



SIGNOR ULIVI—FOR BLOWING UP HIS OWN GAS-METER IN HIS FIRST "F-RAY" EXPERIMENT.

TRAGEDY AND PLEASURE: A CONTRAST OF THE WEEK INDEED.



THE TERRIBLE END BY FIRE OF THE GERMAN NAVY'S MOST SPLENDID DIRIGIBLE: THE WRECK OF THE BURNT-OUT "L II."

As all our readers must know, the German naval dirigible "L II." exploded, as the result of an outbreak of fire aboard her, while she was flying at Johannisthal, close to Berlin, on the morning of October 17. Twenty-seven out of the twenty-eight aboard

her were killed instantly, and the twenty-eighth has since died in hospital. The ill-fated Zeppelin, which cost £50,000, was 520 feet long, and had a diameter of 53 feet 7 inches, and a displacement of 27 tons.

Photograph by Topical.



AT THE RECENT SHOOT AT QUIDENHAM PARK, ATTLEBOROUGH, NORFOLK: LADY CROSSLEY, WIFE OF SIR SAVILE CROSSLEY; AND THE HON. RUPERT KEPPEL, THIRD SON OF THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

Lady Crossley, wife of Sir Savile Crossley, Bt., was known before her marriage, which took place in 1887, as Phyllis, youngest daughter of General Sir Henry Percival de Bathe, K.C.B., fourth Baronet.—The Duke of Leeds, who was born in September,



AT THE RECENT SHOOT AT QUIDENHAM PARK, ATTLEBOROUGH, NORFOLK: LADY ELIZABETH KEPPEL, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE; AND THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

1862, married Lady Katherine Frances Lambton, daughter of the second Earl of Durham, in 1884. He was formerly Treasurer of Queen Victoria's Household.—Lady Elizabeth Keppel was born in 1890; the Hon. Rupert Keppel, in 1886.

Photographs by Topical.



A SUCCESSFUL COMPOUND OF MUSICAL COMEDY AND NON-MUSICAL FARCE.

The Laughing Husband.

The programme does not tell us what is the German title of "The Laughing Husband." Of course, I could turn "The Laughing Husband" into German—with the aid of a dictionary and grammar and the gentleman who sells me smoked goose-breast and liver sausage. But then the German title may be entirely different; we ought to be told what it is. There is a reticence in the matter which I also find, to my intense annoyance, in most of the numerous translations of foreign plays now being published. After this preliminary growl, I proceed to deal with the piece at the New Theatre (and it is no use for Mr. Mostyn Pigott to say that I am poaching because I have a "growl." He may think he has a monopoly of "growls," but to growl is the birthright of every Briton, "so there!"—as the ladies say). It seems rather brave to choose a husband as hero of a musical comedy—not merely as central figure, but actual hero with whom we are supposed to laugh, and sorrow, and rejoice. Husbands in the lighter drama, generally, are deemed comic creatures. The matter is rather queer. Everybody is aglow with excitement about the obstacles in the course of true love, and anxious to help the lovers to get married, yet the moment when true love is fulfilled, *bing-bang*, the sweethearts become husband and wife, the male is at once a comic figure of fun who can only re-acquire dignity by making love to the wife of some other man. However, the brave German authors, Herren Julius Krammer and Alfred Grunwald, see life more truly, and show us how not to be comic though married, for their hero is a happy husband, but not ridiculous, while their Lothario, supposed to be dangerous, is quite a harmless person. The successful Lotharios of real life work by means of some charm mysterious to me; as a rule their fellow-men have an instinctive feeling of repulsion towards them. And experience shows that some of the most successful are not handsome or witty, or clever in any other way than as poachers. On the stage the Lothario is generally handsome in a sort of way, and has a fatuous air which would drive any woman out of the county, if women had good taste in men. But, as a rule, women have bad taste in men—at least, every man thinks so in all cases but his own. The phenomenon is curious, the fact indisputable. There are exceptions—my wife, for instance; and I am a "laughing husband"!

A Change in Style.

We should all practise the philosophy of Figaro and make haste to laugh lest we be forced to weep. The Berlin husband had a tearful episode, which he well deserved, for when a middle-aged man, married to what is supposed to be a beautiful, charming, talented woman, tells whackers to her and goes away under false

pretences for a fortnight's shooting, leaving her in a society whose main idea of sport seems to be women-hunting—well, he deserves an even worse fate than that of the husband in question, who merely got grounds for jealousy and anguish, but not actually for divorce. All this business of "The Laughing Husband" is taken quite seriously, and, thanks to the admirable acting, as well as delightful singing, of Mr. Courtice Pounds, holds the audience during the first two of the three acts. A pity he has not better support. In the third act the music is switched off till the last few minutes; one finds oneself in the land of non-musical farce, and without the

company of the laughing husband till just towards the end. Thanks to a droll performance by Mr. James Blakeley, this act went very well. Mr. Blakeley's work is really funny. Undoubtedly he kept overstepping the line that separates the broad comedy of the musical and of the non-musical play, but one can find an excuse in the fact that the audience laughed in direct proportion to the extravagance of his funniments. He was very droll in quite a legitimate way at times. His character is diverting—that of Dr. Rosenrot, a lawyer who has discovered that there is more

money in procuring the reconciliation of husbands and wives than in getting divorces.

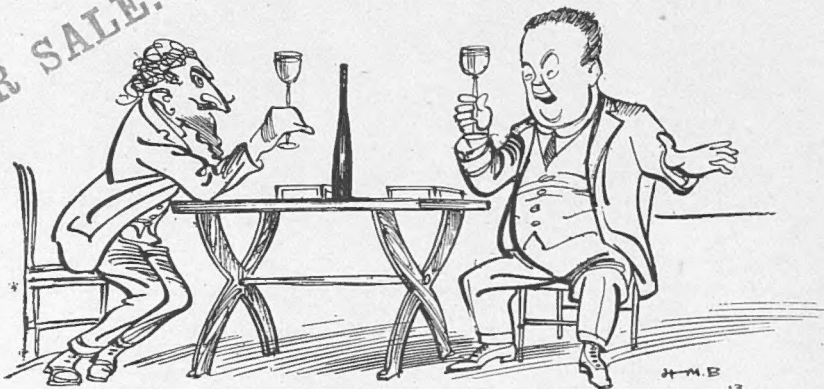
Reconciliation versus Divorce.

Perhaps the procedure of Dr. Rosenrot was not exactly original. Indeed, his plan of shutting up the quarrelling spouses together has been anticipated by some foreign codes, and been humorously dealt with in "L'Enlèvement de Tulipia," a popular book once in vogue, written by that clever humourist and vigorous draughtsman, Robida. If the friend who borrowed my copy about twenty-two years ago

happens to read this, perhaps he will send the book back to me—he's had it quite long enough. Personally, I think there are good reasons for extending the grounds of divorce, but also for requiring a judicial effort at reconciliation before divorce is granted. So far

as can be judged, Mr. Arthur Wimperis has adapted the book cleverly; sometimes his jokes are a little too obvious, but often they are quite good. And his lyrics seem capital, judging from those sung by Mr. Courtice Pounds—the other players did not sing distinctly enough for me to be able to judge, and, after spending sixpence on a programme, I could not afford to throw away the other half of my day's earnings on a book of the lyrics. The music of Herr Edmund Eysler, though the composer is too fond of waltz rhythms, is excellent in style, and contains some charming numbers—notably the Wine Song, admirably rendered by Mr. Courtice Pounds; moreover, it is agreeably free from rag-time and vulgarity. It is almost needless to add that there are gorgeous gowns in abundance, and the mounting has a general air of splendour.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



"WINE OF THE RHINE": MR. D. J. WILLIAMS AS ANDREAS PIPELHÜBER AND MR. COURTICE POUNDS AS OTTAKAR BRUCKNER.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



"WE KNEW IT ALL THE TIME!"—ANDREAS PIPELHÜBER: "THE FACT IS I AM ARNOLD BENTZ."

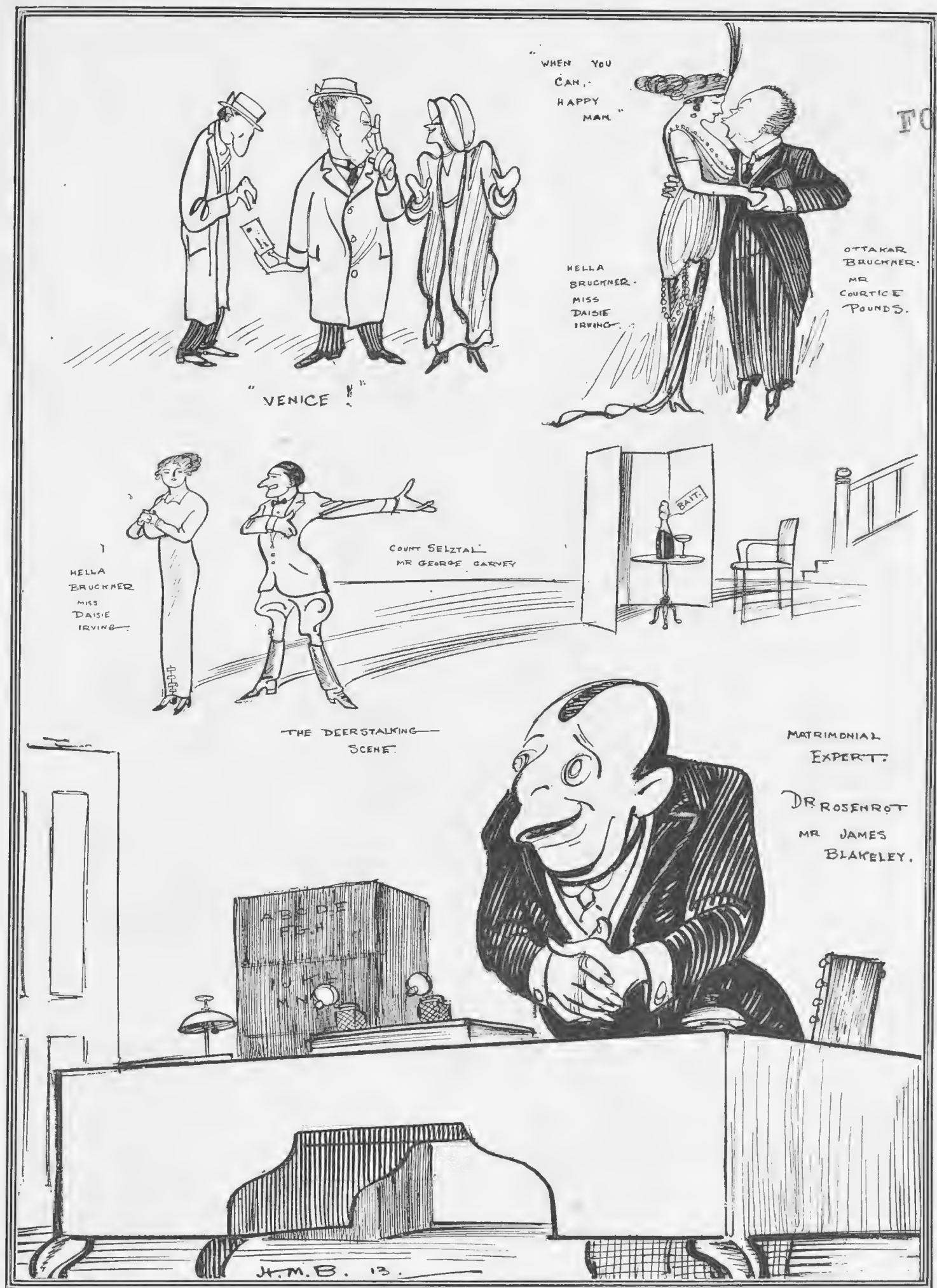
From left to right are: Mr. James Blakeley as Dr. Rosenrot, Mr. Courtice Pounds as Ottakar Bruckner, and Mr. D. J. Williams as Andreas Pipelhüher.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



H. M. BATEMAN

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE LAUGHING HUSBAND."



THE MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE NEW THEATRE: CHARACTERS CARICATURED.

"The Laughing Husband" is by Arthur Wimperis, who has adapted it from the German of Julius Krammer and Alfred Grünwald. The music is by Edmund Eysler.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

BARRIE lately wrote a play—a play to fit Mrs. Patrick Campbell. He invented a lady irresistible and irrational, a lady so deliciously inconsequent that she kills the horrid man in the railway-carriage who refuses to shut the window, and, charged with murder, plays havoc with the decorum of a trial by jury. "My little girl had a cold—one of those nasty, sniffy colds," she explains; "and the horrid man would not shut the window, so I opened the door and pushed him out. What else *could* I do?" Accepting the little incident in the railway-carriage as a slight exaggeration, the play fitted Mrs. Patrick Campbell like one of her own long gloves. The scene in a Court of Justice which most winningly she turns into a Court of Injustice is just such a scene as would be enacted if (which heaven forbid) Mrs. Patrick Campbell, having a little girl with a cold, did encounter a selfish man in a railway-carriage, and was, in the natural sequence of events, tried for murder.

Fact Turned to Dream.

But what was the result of a Barrie play that fitted Mrs. Patrick Campbell like one of her own long white kid gloves? After the first act the critics scratched their heads in unison: the *Morning Post* critic looked to see what the *Times* critic was thinking, the *Times* critic looked at the *Evening News* critic. And at the end the Press was satisfied that Barrie had made a "howler." The thing was impossible, absurd, said the papers the next day. Within a week Sir James had re-written half his play. The murder was converted into a playful little fib, the trial scene into a dream. In other words, there was no place on the stage for a figure so strange, unreasonable, fascinating, disturbing, and beguiling as the "Mrs. Pat" of real life.

The Elf.

Ever since she was born in the Forest House, Kensington Gardens, Mrs. Patrick Campbell has combined the elfishness of woodlands with the civilised subtlety of the town. She is mysterious in both capacities, and although she has in the meanwhile gone to live in Kensington Square, she came from the Forest, and returns to it at will. Even Barrie himself, expert in whimsicalities, could not always declare whether this lady truly belongs to the glades or to the square—whether she gathers her wreath of wild flowers, or ideas, from Arcadia or the Royal Arcade.

A Quarter of an Hour.

For instance, is she—to prolong the problem—is she really shy? It is remembered by the host of a certain dinner-party at the Ritz, and remembered to this day with a provoking sense of uncertainty, that all his guests were duly gathered at the stroke of eight except one. Ten minutes they waited in a gilded ante-room; and then the quarter was chimed by the elaborate pile of rococo cupids and flowers in lacquered brass that stood—an unpunctual-looking group enough—upon the mantelpiece. At last the lady came running in, pale, agitated, and lovely, as if she had passed through the ordeal

of her life. "Why didn't you come out for me?" she wailed. "I have been waiting fifteen minutes in the porch, not daring to come through all those people. I am sure they would have stared." None but a great actress, none but the lady herself, would have aspired to convince a hungry audience that Mrs. Patrick Campbell was late because she dreaded the gaze of a little throng in the hall of an hotel.

Me!

And at other moments she is daring beyond praise. No matter what the company, she will descend upon an enemy and destroy him. Say a critic has mixed faint blame with his praises, and is spied by her across a dinner-table; he will, as if he were afraid—most unreasonably afraid, of course, but such is her spell—of a question, or a shower of fantastic beads, explain himself away. "Did you mean me—me?" she cried to an author who had written, without venturing to name names, upon certain bad habits of English acting. The accusation was against the dragging pauses, the resolute leisure of phrasing that often mars a passage intended to rush with the impulse of real life; but if Mrs. Patrick had ever, in past years, been open to the charge of lack of impulse, that charge collapsed in the face of the impetuous query "Did you mean me?" A certain fierceness of manner accorded very well with her look of barbaric splendour, with the almost savage magnificence that used, before Fashion found out Bakst, to be all her own. It is to match the memory of her in those fantastic days that many fabulous tales have been invented—the tale, for instance, of her turning, with audible annoyance, from a great painter who worried her, not with insults, as the assembled company imagined, but with a hesitating appreciation of her gown. It is because she is so splendid in annoyance that one is apt to deal with such occasions at a length-out of all proportion. And she is hardly less splendid at moments of gratification—the moments that have made up almost the whole of her career. Whether one regards her in the part of Paula—in a part described by Mr. William Archer as "the incarnate reality, the haggard truth"—or in the smiling capriciousness of Barrie's latest character, hardly matters. Her triumphs have been both sombre and gay.

The Living Lady.

She snatched at fame, and found it, at the most difficult of times—just when Eleonora Duse's incomparable genius first dawned on London. But only now, in the part of Sir James's charming and disconcerting heroine, rather than in the "haggard reality" of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," does one get at the

lady, not of a dream, but of fact. The heroine who confounds the Court with her smiles is just such another as the lady who suns herself in the admiration of her generation among the artificial lights of a Stafford House party, or whose progress through America is as glorious as a queen's. But Barrie's heroine was too fantastic for the prosaic stage; she needs a larger scope, and must be seen in the romance of real life to be wholly credible.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who is now appearing as Leonora in "The Adored One," at the Duke of York's, was born at Kensington Gardens on Feb. 9, 1865, daughter of John Tanner and his wife Luigia (Romanini). She was educated at Brighton, at Hampstead, and in Paris; and won a scholarship for music for the Guildhall School. In 1884 she married Mr. Patrick Campbell, who died in 1900. In 1886, as an amateur, she joined the Anomalies Dramatic Club. Her first appearance on the professional stage was made at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, on Oct. 22, 1888. Since then (need it be said?) her triumphs have been many.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

FRIENDS OF "THE GIRL FROM UTAH": STARS OF TWO KINDS.



LEADING LADY AND A COMPOSER: MISS PHYLLIS DARE REHEARSING A SONG; WITH MR. PAUL A. RUBENS
AT THE PIANO.

Mr. George Edwardes' new musical production, "The Girl from Utah," was presented for the first time on Saturday evening last, at the Adelphi Theatre. Miss Phyllis Dare appears in it as Dora Manners, leading lady at the Folly Theatre; Miss Ina Claire as Una Trance, the Girl from Utah; Miss Gracie Leigh as Clancy, Miss Manners' maid;

Mr. Aldred de Manby as Lord Amersham; Mr. Joseph Coyne as Sandy Blair, leading man at the Folly; and Mr. Edmund Payne as Trimmit. The play is in two acts, by J. T. Tanner; dialogue in collaboration with Paul A. Rubens; lyrics by Adrian Ross, Percy Greenbank, and Paul A. Rubens; music by Sidney Jones and Paul A. Rubens."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

LONDON'S tribute last week to the royal couple was nothing abated by the news of disasters untimely circulated all over England. The faithful crowd, whatever may be its tragic preoccupations, is never persuaded to forego a cheer. An admirable instance of the indomitable loyalty of a much-harassed working woman is, by the way, put on record by Miss Phelps, an East End observer. The woman had just lost relatives, emptied her purse on funeral expenses, and turned, in desperate poverty, to making artificial wild-roses for Alexandra Day abroad at a "cut" price. The price did not meet with her approval, the cause did; her face, says Miss Phelps, softened as she said musingly, "Pretty as a picture she were when I saw her, when she came over to be married to the Prince—well, King he was after, wasn't he? There she drove round, all bowing and smiling, and"—here the sweated worker's voice grew positively reverential—"her very parasol was trimmed with forget-me-nots." And no shabby woman in a shawl in Wednesday's crowd envied the bride a single silver tea-pot, and the number of Prince Arthur's gold cigarette-cases was a matter of gratification—as much, probably, to the loafer as to the Prince!

The Terrier Terror. Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck's Sealyham terrier was the most discussed of Prince Arthur's wedding-presents, and the ugliest! It is described,

play seem more than usually desirable. Thus the Duke of Connaught, the Crown Princess of Sweden, and Princess Patricia went to the Lyric Theatre for "Love and Laughter"; Princess Christian went to the Haymarket for "Within the Law"; Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein to the Savoy for "The Grand Seigneur," and Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck were present with a large party at the Playhouse for "Mary Goes First."

The "Gaiety" of Nations. The present clashing of Cabinet Councils and Gaiety-Girl dinners recalls Disraeli's adventure on the outskirts of the green-room. A noble friend of the Prime Minister's had been supping in fair company, and, after supper, listening to a problem game: Which would you choose if you had to marry—Gladstone or Disraeli? All the Gaiety girls elected Disraeli, save one, who said "Gladstone—that I might elope with Disraeli and break Gladstone's heart." Disraeli's friend, much diverted, went forth and, finding the hero in gloomy anticipation of a difficult Cabinet Council, told him the story. "I am much gratified," he said, greatly comforted; and when, a little later, the

Cabinet, summoned for noon, found its councils delayed by the non-appearance of one Minister, Disraeli told his assembled colleagues the story. Lord Cairns, hearing, did not smile, and his solemnity



ENGAGED: MR. ALEXANDER TELFER-SMOLLETT AND MISS LUCY STRUTT.

Mr. Alexander Telfer-Smollett, of Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, is in the Highland Light Infantry. Miss Lucy Strutt is a daughter of Mr. G. Herbert Strutt, of Makeney House, Derbyshire, and Kingairloch, Argyllshire.

Photographs by Swaine.



MR. R. C. WYNNE-ROBERTS AND MISS L. D. NAPIER, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS ARRANGED FOR OCT. 20, AT COLOMBO.

Mr. R. C. Wynne-Roberts formerly held a commission in the Coldstream Guards. His bride is the daughter of Colonel the Hon. J. S. Napier, C.M.G. The wedding was arranged to take place in the Cathedral at Colombo.

Photographs by Langfieri.



TO BE MARRIED IN LONDON TO-MORROW (OCT. 23): MISS A. E. HINDS AND CAPTAIN A. N. W. DUDLEY.

Miss Hinds is a daughter of the late Mr. J. Monroe Hinds, of Alabama, and Mrs. Monroe Hinds, of 4, West Eaton Place. Captain Dudley, of the Royal Horse Artillery, is a son of the late Rev. W. D. W. Dudley, of St. Albans.

Photographs by Langfieri.

somewhat unfairly, as walking with the action of "a sea-captain with corns," its face is said to be more like a pig's than a dog's, and its colour is made up of that insipid combination of white and pink that, if desirable in pearls, is repulsive in animals. Possibly it is more attractive to look at than to read about; since the points of a dog are often points of ugliness, it happens that a fancier's descriptions are not seldom more fearsome than the actuality. The great thing about this particular terrier is that it was unique among the presents. Like the little island given to Prince Olaf by Miss Musgrave, it was the one and only thing of its kind in a list that teemed with duplicates.

Mary Goes First? The very human need for distraction after grave affairs has been filling the royal boxes of the London theatres. The ceremonial connected with the Connaught wedding, the multitudinous anxieties of housing guests, and the emotional strain of the momentous event itself, made the

so put out the Premier that he forthwith made the continued absence of a member an excuse for postponing the Council for a couple of hours. The "balance of power" was then unstable as quicksilver; and that afternoon the papers had headings: "War Imminent. A Second Cabinet Council Summoned." It is much to be doubted whether the modern Gaiety girl has such strong prejudices, or Mr. Asquith any such story up his sleeve.

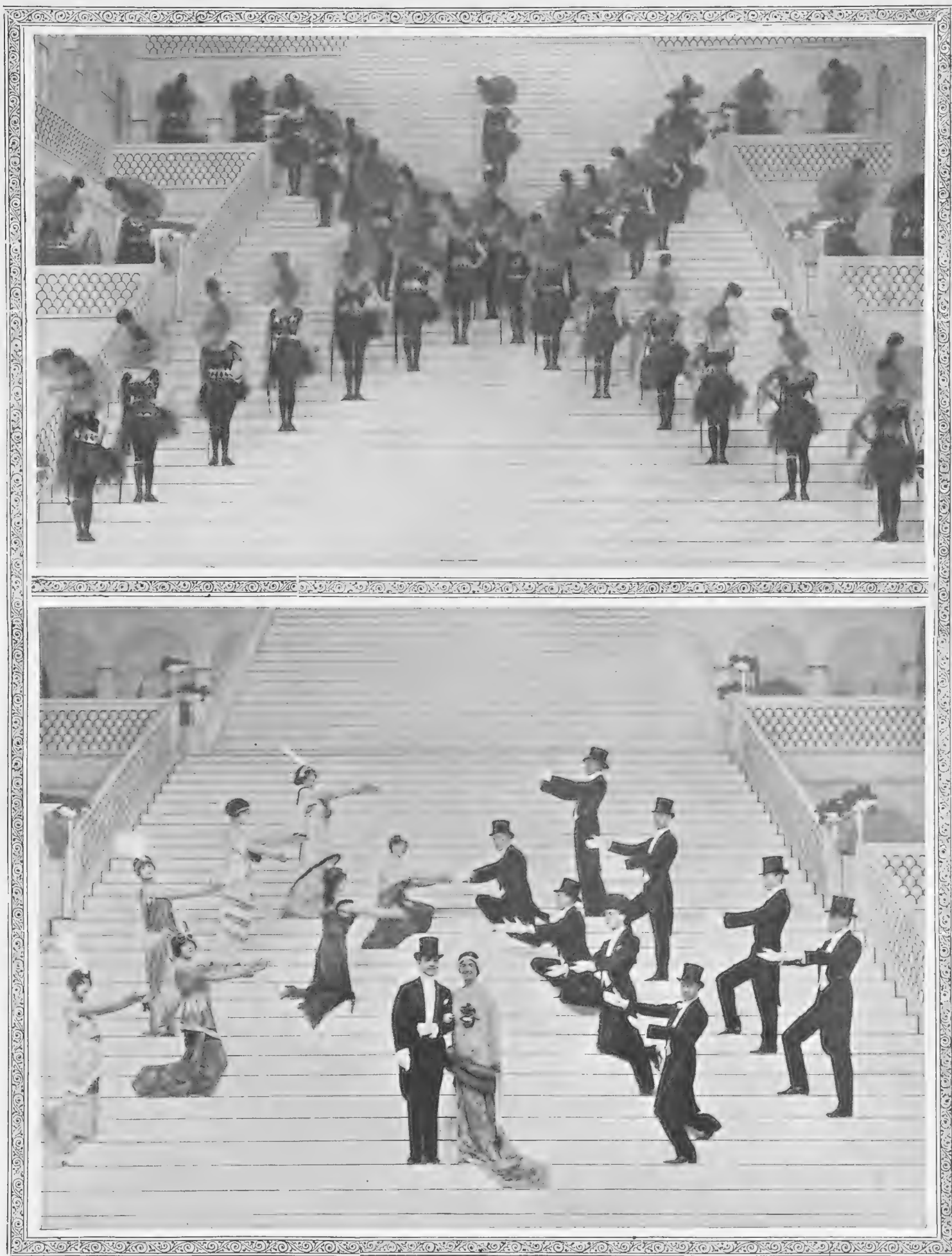
Dropping Out. Cabinet changes: who will go? Periodically the query is sent on its rounds, as if to disappear were one of the functions of the office-holder. But how few men, having entered, drop out of public life! To Disraeli, however, the phenomenon seemed entirely natural. "I never trouble to be avenged," he once said. "When a politician injures me, I put his name on a slip of paper and lock it up in a drawer. It is marvellous how the men I have thus labelled have the knack of disappearing."



MISS BRENDA HEWITT AND MR. C. F. H. LITTLETON, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS ARRANGED FOR OCT. 21.

Miss Brenda Hewitt is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Southby Hewitt, of Maidenhead and St. James's Street. Mr. C. F. H. Littleton is the youngest son of the late Rear-Admiral the Hon. Algernon Littleton and Lady Margaret Littleton.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

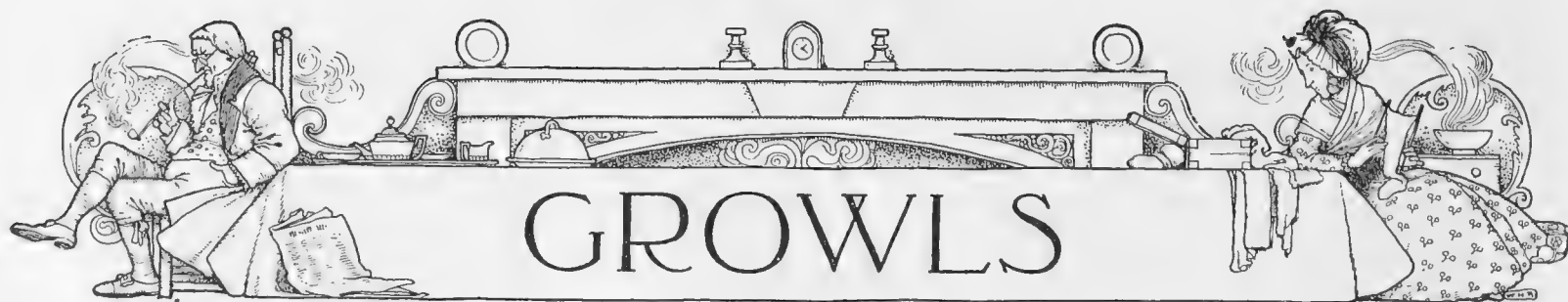
ESPRIT D'ESCALIER : STAIRCASE EFFECTS AT THE ALHAMBRA.



THE STAIRCASE WALTZ EVOLVED INTO THE STAIRCASE BALLET: "THE MAIN STAIRCASE" SCENE IN THE ALHAMBRA'S NEW REVUE, "KEEP SMILING."

The great novelty of the new revue at the Alhambra, "Keep Smiling," is Scene No. XI, "The Main Staircase," which provides an opportunity for many original and very effective evolutions in the way of ballet. The idea of dancing on a staircase is not, of course, absolutely new, for a single pair of dancers, since we all remember the

Staircase Waltz performed by Miss Lily Elsie and Mr. Bertram Wallis in musical comedy. The enlargement of the staircase to accommodate a ballet is, however, quite an innovation. Episodes of the Staircase Scene are "Troubadours and Folies," "Danse Classique," "The Great Oration," "The Same Old Tale," and "Up and Down."



THE LAZINESS OF LONDON: A CITY OF SLEEP.

THE persistent pessimist is always at the top of his form when he is dilating on the delinquencies of London and prognosticating all sorts of horrible ends for that misguided city. One at a time he finds in her flaws which are bound, all in good time, to compass her downfall. Now, I am none of, and will have none of, your pessimists. An article of my creed is that, given sound

advice, tendered by competent authorities, and followed closely and scrupulously, she still has a long and useful career before her. But this complacent and even optimistic attitude of mind is far from leading me to shut my eyes to her defects or stay my voice when I perceive shortcomings, and with the growth of recent years I have been led to observe a tendency on her part which, if not very speedily rectified, must inevitably have a disastrous effect upon her destinies. I turn a deaf ear to the dismal prophets who predict London's destruction by fire, by alcohol, by plague, or by alien

of pealing laughter that kept his predecessors awake. In isolated cases you will find rash persons who have not accurately diagnosed the times starting establishments in which the night may be prolonged, but these soon have impressed upon them the direness of their mistake. Dancing may be ventured upon as an attraction, or *chemin-de-fer* may be attempted as the leading lure, but they lead a short and haggard life and die of inanition. They depart unwept, unhonoured, and unsung, and, after all, there is not much need to lament over their disappearance, except so far as they indicate the general torpor of the atmosphere. It is the absence of intellectual sitting-up which is so bitterly to be deplored. What is to become of London's wit and wisdom if everybody is asleep by midnight I cannot conceive. It is after the clock has struck that negligible hour that the human mind is at its best and brightest. Nobody in his senses would expect a fellow-creature to scintillate at breakfast, and luncheon has become a dreadfully businesslike affair, while dinner has for ages been notorious for its inability to inspire anything but long, stereotyped, reiterative, and unentertaining speeches. It is to the small hours that we must look for piquancy and originality, and, alas! these have now become the monopoly of Morpheus.

A Matter of Urgency.

One might possibly derive some spiritual consolation from the outlook if one could discover that it was attended by any earlier rising on the part of these nestlers between sheets, seeing in it an indication of earnestness of purpose entirely to be commended; but I can find no trace of such a concomitant, and I am driven to the conclusion that it is sheer lethargy which is the basis of this modern development, and therein lies the immensity and intensity of the peril. Such a habit has a way of growing on what it feeds on, and I sadly foresee the day when the Metropolis will go to bed and omit to get up again. Then indeed will her enemies find her capture a simple matter, and we may rest assured that they will not fail to take full advantage of her somnolence. Hence this is a matter which cries aloud for instant legislative action, and if Parliament ever meets again, it should at once direct its attention to the parlous condition into which we have allowed ourselves to drift. Our politicians should not be slow to grasp the situation and to pass an Act forbidding persons with conversational gifts to waste the early hours of the morning in slumber, for they must be fully familiar with the fact that they themselves are never so lively and enlivening, and never distinguish themselves so much in rapidity of retort and inventiveness of invective as when they are partaking of the amenities of an all-night sitting.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



bombardment from the skies; but though none of the suggested dangers gives me more than a moment's anxiety, I instinctively feel that unless she takes herself seriously in hand and takes strenuous steps to mend her ways, there is a subtler peril overhanging London from which she will find it hard

to escape. It is thus under the impetus of a strong sense of duty that I beg her, and all those interested in her well-being, to consider well and deeply the marked tendency she displays nowadays to retire to bed at an early hour inconsistent with her past traditions and detrimental to her high prestige.

What a Falling-Off!

I can find no word but "tragic" to express the change that has come over the spirit of her dream. Night after night she plunges herself in deep and deleterious slumber at a period of the twenty-four hours which she once devoted to light-hearted badinage and sparkling converse. It is hardly necessary at this period of her existence for the Law to drive her from her amusements and put an end to her refreshment. She meekly retreats of her own free will and goes voluntarily and abjectly to roost. Even in her so-called Bohemian sections the small hours are no longer the scenes of revelry and mirth, as they were in the days of old, and an investigation into the conditions prevailing in the great clubs which line Pall Mall would show that after the legal hours of closing they are merely abominations of desolation. No more does the bowl pass during the morning hours to the accompaniment of merry quip and daring repartee. The hall-porter snoozes peacefully in his box, and on his ear there never falls the sound



THE PARTICULAR PET OF PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S TERRIER.

Photograph by Spot and General.



A WEDDING-PRESENT TO PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: THE COLLIE GIVEN TO HIM BY THE LONDON AND PROVINCIAL COLLIE CLUB.

Photograph by L.N.A.

The Perfectly Popular Pianist: Studies of Types.



III.—THE UNEMOTIONAL: BACH'S ITALIAN FUGUE.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



OH, FOR THE PIERLESS SHORE OF THE NEVER-NEVER-SEA!

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I FEEL inexpressibly lazy. It is partly the fault of my temperament—partly that of the sun (yes, I said the sun!) and of the sea—and partly your fault, amiable readers. I never feel lazy among strangers. My mind is alert, and every nerve in me tense and ready. But writing to you is a happy *détente*. What is the English for *détente*? A softening of stiff springs, an optimistic *abandon*—ah, no; that also is French.

Someone among you has reproached me for using too many French words. But I really can't help it. I try never to use a French word unless it is irreplaceable in English—at least, irreplaceable by me. Consider that I write in a language that is not my own, though I love it as much as if it were. But one may ill-treat the thing one loves, *n'est-ce-pas*?—does not one? I mean.

I have left my cottage—not for a palace (reassure yourselves as to my morals!)—but for the benign influence of a blue sky. I have left the beautiful Thames Valley and its mist wherein the tears of departed summer hang eternally. I have come to a certain watering-place, and I like it vastly, so far. I'd like it better still if there were no pier and pebbles. What is the purpose of piers? Piers, like *passée* women, should only be seen at night silhouetted in a line of lights against the black immensity. In the day-time they are irritating things. On the pier are vendors of unattractive goods, and misanthropic persons playing the cornet and other "horripilating" instruments. Also all piers sport a big clock and many flags. The sea knows not time, and those who come near the sea want to forget it.

Never mind, it is good being freckled peacefully all by oneself,

far from your hotel brethren. How is it that charming, refined, interesting, young, handsome, magnetic and natural people don't travel?—or, if they travel, where do they put up?—or do they go about in such a strict incognito as not to be recognised as the lovable people they are? I have travelled in a number of countries and lodged in many a caravanserai, from hotel palaces to most humble places—even once, when the car broke down, sleeping in a haystack which we energetically preferred to the rooms put at our disposal by willing, if verminous, natives; and after much roaming I have come to the discouraging

share for long the same prison there would grow between them an implacable hatred. I believe that "Someone" based his observation on hotel life on a rainy day. There is, in the heterogeneous human elements brought together, an unconscious and unreasoning hostility towards one another. They, perhaps, do not acknowledge it to themselves, but they dislike and distrust you, they resent your living the same life as they live, sleeping next door to them, breathing the same fumes of the same food, thumbing the same magazines, being overcharged by the same hotel proprietor. They feel as if they were living in a house with a hundred mirrors; they vaguely fear there may be something in Darwin's theory, after all. You do what they do, in very much the same way, at very much the same time, with very much the same sensations. They see you do it, they see you see them do it, they look at you and you look at them, not as people exchange glances at the play, at concerts, at the rinks, at the promenade, casually and wanderingly, but with malignant mockery, as inmates of a monkey-house inked together behind the bars of convenience. And they hate you—I know why I hate them.

But they amuse you, sometimes. There is the big lady at the next table, for instance. Imagine a policeman, a heavy-weight policeman, the pride of the force, ineffectually disguised as a British matron of some fifty summers, still kittenishly disposed, with fists to strike terror in a champion boxer's heart, strangled in her stays, tortured in seven-and-a-half size shoes, five feet eight in height—as to her latitude, my imagination cannot grapple with it. This is what I overheard in the lounge this morning. An anæmic, bespectacled, little shrivelled old man asks of the burly lady with a mild interest: "Well, and did you go to the concert last night?"

The burly lady: "No, I didn't; if you could have come with me I would—but a lady alone!"

After lunch, as I am smoking my post-coffee cigarette in the hall, hidden, I suppose—and hope—by the classical palm plants of every hotel that respects itself, the honeymoon couple (we have three in our hotel, but two are doubtful!) the genuine one, then, crosses the hall and slowly ascends the stairs. At the fourth step, the bride gives a little shrinking shriek: "Oh, George, I—I am losing my—my knickers!"

George, sympathetically: "Are they valuable, darling?"



THE PERMANENTLY ESCAPED AND THE PROBABLY-TO-BE-DETAINED! MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST AND MRS. PANKHURST, ON THE "PROVENCE."

While her sister Sylvia is still fighting the police in London (as witness her escape at Bow the other day and subsequent arrest in Poplar), Miss Christabel Pankhurst appears to have escaped permanently. Mrs. Pankhurst left Paris on Oct. 11 for Havre, where she embarked on the liner "La Provence" for New York. It is said she will be detained on Ellis Island till it is decided whether her political offences amount to "moral turpitude."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



SONS OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC, AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE: YOUNGSTERS WHO HAVE RECENTLY BEEN VISITED BY A CHINESE EDUCATION COMMISSION.

Our photograph shows three sons of Yuan-Shi-Kai, recently elected first President of the Chinese Republic after having been Provisional President. The boys are students at Cheltenham College. They were visited the other day by a Chinese Education Commission, which included the Minister for Education.

Photograph by Topical.

conclusion that the very nice people, those with the looks of Olympians and the manners of the pre-Revolution epoch, must be great stay-at-homes!

Someone wrote, I forget whom, but you will remember, that if a man and a woman passionately in love with each other were to

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: And why was Joseph's father so angry with his brothers?
BENJY: 'Cos they sold 'im too cheap.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



THE WOMAN "MINISTER OF MODES": MARIE ANTOINETTE'S MILLINER AND HER "ECCENTRICITIES."*

Fitting the Woman to the Dress.

We have just been reading, some of us, of a famous creator of fashions who has decreed, or, at the very least, suggested through the parading of mannequins, that a perfect frock may seem as sackcloth if the wearer be not in accord with it. Did she not see to it that the tints of the hair matched those of the evening dresses—purple, red, and even green—thanks to the use of wigs! That means, surely, not the fitting of the dress to the woman, but of the woman to the dress. After all, the idea is not as new as the latest scheme for ensuring the proper blend of "model" and matron or maid. And now, by happy chance, comes the story of Rose Bertin.

Marie Antoinette as Patron.

Marie Jeanne Bertin, who was to gain European reputation as a milliner, was born at Amiens on July 2, 1747. Her parents were of very small means. Little chance of learning was given to her; but she had beauty, intelligence, and a very firm faith in herself. Nor was she awkward, even at the awkward age. "They soon perceived it in the millinery shop kept by Mlle. Pagelle, under the name of the *Trait Galant*." Paris got to know Rose. She won the interest of the *Princesse de Conti*, and so had given to her the order for the trousseau of Louise Marie Adélaïde de Bourbon, daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre, who was about to marry the Duc de Chartres. That gained her a partnership with Mlle. Pagelle, and added the *Duchesse de Chartres* to her illustrious patrons. Through her latest "conquest" Rose secured the furnishing of the "dresses and finery" which were to be offered to Marie Antoinette, at Strasburg, on her arrival on French soil. Here it must be understood that "milliners in the eighteenth century were not what they are nowadays; they not only trimmed hats, but also arranged and ornamented dresses." By this time Rose had established her own business, and it wanted but a brief while for her to obtain her introduction to the Dauphine, this, according to the "*Souvenirs*" of Léonard, in 1772. Immediately Marie Antoinette employed her—and made her—a fact for which she was so grateful that when the unhappy Queen was about to stand her trial she burned her books rather than betray the royal extravagances, and sent to the flames with them the only record of many sums owed to her by other illustrious customers. Her life was remarkable: let it be read in the volume before us.

The Sentiment Head-Dress.

For ourselves let us cull from the leaves of the Rose Bertin some notes on eccentricities of fashions of her period. First, in her heyday, was that mode of hair-dressing called the *Quès aco*. "It consisted of a panache in plumes, which the elegant ladies wore at the back of their heads." The name *Quès aco* is supposed to have been taken from a *mémoire* by Beaumarchais. . . . The *mémoire* had an enormous success, and the expression *Quès aco* became very

popular. That, apparently, started 'topicality' in such matters. To follow the *Quès aco* came the *pouf aux sentiments*. "It is called *pouf*," said a contemporary writer, "on account of the numerous objects which it can contain, and *aux sentiments* because these objects must have a certain relation to what one loves best, and express one's sentiments." "The *pouf aux sentiments* could contain such various objects as fruit, flowers, vegetables, stuffed birds, dolls, and many other things." Remember, further, that artificial flowers had not been invented. In 1781 Mme. Obenkirch tells of the trying on of "something very fashionable, but rather uncomfortable: little flat bottles curved to the shape of the head, holding a drop of water to moisten the stalks of the natural flowers and keep them fresh in the coiffure."

The Topical Head-Dress.

But to return to the *pouf*. That dubbed *aux sentiments* ended with the mourning for the death of Louis XV. Something fresh had to be devised. Rose Bertin was equal to the occasion. She created

poufs à la circonstance, which might be named now "topical toques." "The *pouf à la circonstance* was a flattering tribute to the new monarch. It was intended to represent the change of reign. . . . The *pouf* was composed of a tall cypress ornamented with black marigolds, the roots being represented by a piece of crape; on the right side a large sheaf of wheat was placed, leaning against a cornucopia from which peeped out an abundance of grapes, melons, figs, and other fruit, beautifully imitated; white feathers were



"KEEP SMILING": THE ECCENTRIC IN MODERN DRESS AS SEEN IN THE NEW ALHAMBRA REVUE.

mixed with the fruit. The hat was a riddle; the answer was as follows: while weeping the dead monarch, though the roots of sorrow reach to the hearts of his subjects, yet the riches of the new reign are already looming in view." No wonder it is on record that the wearers of these huge confections had to kneel in their carriages!

The Inoculation "Pouf."

The *pouf à l'inoculation* also had Mlle. Bertin to thank for its invention. "The King had been vaccinated on June 18, 1774. The custom of inoculation in use for centuries among the peoples in the vicinity of the Caspian Sea had been imported into England from Constantinople in 1738, and into France in 1755. The operation on the King gave Mlle. Bertin a new idea; the *pouf à l'inoculation* celebrated the occasion. It represented a rising sun, and an olive-tree laden with fruit, round which a serpent was twisted, holding a flower-wreathed club. The classical serpent of Aesculapius represented medicine, and the club was the force which could overcome disease. The rising sun was the young King himself, great-grandson of the *Roi-Soleil*, to whom all eyes were turned. The olive-tree was the symbol of peace, and also of the tender affection with which all were penetrated at the news of the happy success of the operation which the King and the Royal Family had undergone." After the eccentric *pouf* came the gigantic feather—and so until Rose Bertin found herself fashioning tricolour "national cockades"; and in the end died, "in the year 1813, Sept. 24 . . . Marie Jeanne Bertin, spinster . . . at the age of sixty-six. . . ."

* "Rose Bertin: The Creator of Fashion at the Court of Marie Antoinette." By Emile Langlade. Adapted from the French by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. Illustrated. (John Long; 12s. 6d. net.)

EXTREMES MEET.



BOTH: Holy Moses! What a nose!

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE "INVERLOCHY."

By G. STANLEY ELLIS.

PRIVATE POLGLASE, half-caste Burman, late D.C.L.I., was kicking his heels in San Francisco. His pension was negligible. He had hypothecated it, to add something to his deferred pay when he embarked in a little orange-grove in California. That had gone. Polglase was now living with one of his numerous cousins, one of whom he was sure to find in the most unlikely place, who hammered brass-ware for a living. But the hammering of brass-ware had got into a bad rut. Buyers were scarce. The cousin had suggested that Polglase ought to earn something. Polglase agreed. But how? The whites had a prejudice against Asiatics, with whom they classed Polglase. The Japs and Chinks employed only their own countrymen. Each day saw Polglase with hope deferred. At last he pocketed the pride which always sticks hard to a good soldierman, did on the loose native clothes which he always had by him, shouldered the little black box in which he kept his small conjuring apparatus, and took his stand outside a saloon. He produced from half-a-dozen different places—from the top of his head, from the bare toes of his feet, from his ears, from his neck, from his mouth—half-a-dozen glass balls, which he proceeded to keep in simultaneous motion. Before giving him a chance to make a collection, an Irish cop, cursing him for a nigger, moved him on, breaking a couple of the balls in the process. A hard bullet to chew for a self-respecting soldier! He tried again among the seamen's boarding-houses; but most of the men had been shipped on the wind-jammers, and those that were left were drunk and broke to the world. Forty cents resulted from two hours' hard work, and forty cents don't go far in San Francisco. Then he went down to the piers alongside a rusty old tramp, and there he did his tricks. The heads of men of a dozen nationalities and as many shades of colour—white, black, yellow, and blends—looked over the rail, enjoying his tricks. Mr. Mate, of the *Inverlochy*, deigned to look from the bridge-deck and to express his approval. Finally, the old man, coming down from the office, stood for a quarter of an hour to watch.

"Jolly good," said the old man, a comfortable, portly figure, all in white, with a close-clipped yellow beard, smartly turned out, with R.N.R. written all over him. "Do you want a ship, my man?"

"I've never been a sailor, Sir," replied Polglase, "though my old regiment was first raised as Marines. But I'm at a loose end, and I don't mind shipping for any berth I can carry out."

"Soldier, eh? I thought you were a Lascar. If you can peel spuds without cannibalising them, you can sign on as cook's mate, and do a bit of conjuring between whiles. You'll do to buck up this floating coffin as well as a fiddler on a bark. Got any decent duds?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then go and get them. We sail for Hong Kong to-night."

"I'll be aboard in an hour, Sir. I've soldiered in Hong Kong, and where there's a garrison there's always a chance for a time-expired man."

Polglase's farewells were soon said. His cousin was sorry to lose him, but glad to be rid of the extra mouth. Polglase boarded the *Inverlochy* in an hour, quite the smart old soldier.

"You look the gentleman," remarked the old man. "If he's not afraid of work I like a man who takes a proper pride in his appearance. Look here, there's a little cabin in the after-deck-house—pretty hot, because it backs on the engine-room—but you can berth there better than with that Pentecostal Babel forward. Don't say I didn't treat you as a widow's son."

Polglase did his work in the galley, but no conjuring that night. After the *Inverlochy* passed the lightship, three miles outside the bar, all hands were hard at it washing decks, throwing dunnage and ashes overboard, coiling ropes, and making all ship-shape and Bristol fashion. When that was done, Polglase turned in, tired with work to which he was unaccustomed. The last thought in his mind as he dropped off to his well-earned sleep was of wonder that the *Inverlochy* was leaving a loading port like San Francisco so high out of the water.

Something seemed to wake Polglase in the middle of the night. It did not seem to be a noise, but a something. He looked sleepily out of the starboard porthole which commanded the main rail. A Chinaman passed aft, then another, a third, a fourth, till Polglase was tired of counting. Surely, he thought, they must be going round and round the house like a theatrical army. And one Chinaman is

so like another Chinaman that you can never tell if you have seen him before or whether it was his great-grandfather. Then he looked out of the forward porthole. The bridge-deck swarmed with Chinamen. Something must be up. Then it struck him. This must be some smuggling of Chinese, though why they should be smuggled out of California was more than Polglase could understand. He turned his eyes up to the bridge. The Mate, instead of turning towards the look-out on the bow, was gazing down on to the bridge-deck. The helmsman had left the wheel to join the Mate, who was evidently talking and gesticulating to him excitedly. But Polglase was tired; it didn't seem to be any business of his; his head dropped once more on his pillow, and he fell asleep.

The hours went on. Eight bells struck. The watch below came on deck. The Second Mate came on the bridge to relieve the Mate. He ran up with a cheery "Morning," then looked around him with astonishment. There was no Mate, there was no man at the wheel to be seen, and the *Inverlochy* was steering all over the shop, just as the swell struck her. The Second Mate whistled down to the chart-room to the Captain, who ran up on the bridge, while the Second Mate steadied the helm. High and low they hunted for the Mate and the helmsman, and not a stitch of either could they find. The night had been dark and moonless. The watch on deck had been practically asleep. The look-out forward, in the absence of a whistle from the bridge, had been dozing. Some of the watch thought they had heard a splash—maybe two splashes—but could not be sure.

"Suicide?" queried the Captain of the Second. "But Jones was always a steady-going file. Who was at the wheel? Larsen? Oh, a regular, stolid Dutchman. Two men don't commit suicide. The weather is calm. Murder? Well, why? Any bad feeling forward?"

"No, Sir."

"Quite incomprehensible. Log it, please, Mr. Williams. I shall have to stand watch and watch with you until we reach Hong Kong."

Polglase did his day's work in the galley. He did an odd bit of juggling with potatoes in his spare time, and when evening came and the crew turned from labour to refreshment, he gave a full conjuring turn, to their great enjoyment, and even to that of the old man, who leaned across the rail with a cigar in the corner of his mouth and laughed consumedly. But one strange thing struck Polglase as he was showing his tricks—in his audience of various breeds and shades there were no Chinese. It may be that the average Chink is not inquisitive, but surely, among all that crowd of them aboard, there might have been a few who would enjoy a free performance.

Again Polglase awoke in the night, and again he looked from the portholes, and again he saw all those Chinese. The Second Mate and the helmsman came to look at the crowd. Polglase saw the look on their faces, and it was that of astonishment. Clearly these Chinamen were a surprise to the men on the bridge. Then the Chinks began to climb up on the bridge, and the expression of the Second Mate and the man at the wheel turned from surprise to terror. They shrank back from the approaching yellow men, retreated to the port side of the bridge till they were right up in the corner, and then, as they became quite hemmed in, jumped clear over the side. As they passed through the arc of red light, Polglase saw the light full on their faces, which were convulsed with utter dread. Polglase jumped from his berth and opened his cabin door. A bitter cold seemed to penetrate to his heart, and he slammed the door to again, bolted it, and fell terrified upon the floor. Of what was he afraid? He had not the least idea. But he swooned as he fell, and did not come to himself till the daylight poured in through the porthole upon him. There was a hubbub on deck. The old man was stamping up and down, cursing. The crew were huddled together in the forward well, frightened of the enraged skipper—still more frightened of they knew not what. Polglase, with trembling fingers, unbolted the door, and, faint and bleeding from a wound in his head, which he had struck as he fell during the night, staggered into the fresh air.

"Here, you," cried the old man, "come up here and take hold of the wheel. I'll tell you what to do. Those cowards below are afraid to come on to the bridge."

Polglase went up and took the spokes, while the old man instructed him how to keep her on her course. Polglase had had long enough in the service not to volunteer unnecessary remarks to

[Continued overleaf.]

OCT. 22, 1913

THE SKETCH.

TWO D—!



60602 Germany

WON BY WAITING! WHEN SILENCE IS MORE ELOQUENT THAN WORDS.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

his superior officer; but he could not keep silence—things were too strong for him.

"Beg your pardon, Sir, but I saw the men on the bridge jump overboard last night."

"You did? Then why didn't you come at once to wake me?"

"I tried to get out of my cabin, Sir, but the bitter cold that struck me as those Chinamen passed the door drove me back. I fell, hit my head, and fainted."

"Chinese? There isn't a Chinese aboard."

"The deck swarmed with them, Sir—more than I could count."

The skipper looked down his nose at Polglase. Just then the chief engineer came on the bridge.

"Morning, Sir. May I speak to you privately?"

"Speak out before this man, Mr. Bunker. He's seen Chinamen on board last night—more than he could count. Perhaps he'll know more than we do."

"Well, Sir, my men swear there's something wrong with the boat, and they won't handle a shovel unless we put about for San Francisco again."

"Take the second and third with you, Mr. Bunker, and argue with them."

"We've argued with them with spanners, but they started to reply with coal-slices."

The Bo'sun came aft in the forward well, towards the bridge.

"Sir," he said, "I'm speaking for all the fo'c'sle. We won't work ship unless you make for San Francisco. We can't stop aboard this boat a minute longer than can be helped."

"You know this is mutiny," cried the skipper, as his hand went behind him.

"Throw up your hands, Sir," called a voice in the crowd behind the Bo'sun. "You're covered."

It was true. Half-a-dozen revolvers were levelled at him.

"Now, Sir," said the Bo'sun, "we've nothing to complain of with you. You treat us decent, and you feed us well. Give us your word that there'll be no shooting on the part of the after-guard and we'll give you our word that there'll be no shooting on our side. Do it, Sir. We've more hands and more guns than you have."

"I give you my word."

"Then, Sir, we'll trust you. But there's a terror hanging over this boat, and you must put her about. You may log us all, and welcome, and we'll stand our chance of quod when we get back to San Francisco."

"Stick it to Honolulu, and I'll sign on a Kanaka crew there."

"That's another week, Sir. We can't do it."

"Well, stick it till to-morrow—just another day to see what happens."

"It's not the day that bothers us, Sir. It's the night. And another day westward means an extra day's easting to add to our return voyage. But I'll talk it over with the men."

The skipper and Polglase heard, without being able to catch the words, their voices rise and fall as the fore-castle hands discussed matters. From the bridge the men's arms could be seen gesticulating in argument. Then the Bo'sun laid aft again.

"We can't do it, Sir. The men have made up their minds not to work ship, except back to San Francisco."

"You realise the penalty—prison for mutiny?"

"Yes, Sir. Rather that than continue the voyage."

The *Inverlochy* was put about for San Francisco.

The day went by without trouble. The old man stuck to the bridge manfully, a cigar always in the starboard side of his mouth. But the men went about their work, looking over their shoulders, mostly silent—when obliged to exchange a word, speaking in low whispers. As the dusk fell they began to get more uneasy. A little knot of them were busy at the falls of No. 3 lifeboat, putting her in readiness to be dropped into the water. The skipper turned a blind eye to them. The evening wore on. Nobody turned in. The weight of something unknown and uncanny seemed impending over all. Eight bells struck. The man at the wheel got ready to go below. But no relief ran up. The skipper shouted down. There was no response. "Here," he cried, "give me the wheel. There isn't one of those cowards who has the pluck to come up. Run down and call Polglase. He's got some grit."

As Polglase came out of the galley, the deck began to swarm with Chinamen. As he ran up to the bridge, the air grew icy cold. The faces of the Chinks looked full of rage. He heard the blocks creak as the lifeboat was pushed out and let down with a run. Then plop, plop, plop, as men all over the steamer, seized with mad terror, jumped into the water. Then Polglase jumped. The water seemed warmer than the air on the *Inverlochy*. Then a man in the bow of a lifeboat seized him by the collar and hauled him in. He sat up, spat out the water, and looked around. The *Inverlochy* had put about and was heading on her original course. Two Chinese were on watch on the bridge, a Chinese was at the wheel. There seemed others, less clearly defined, all about the steamer.

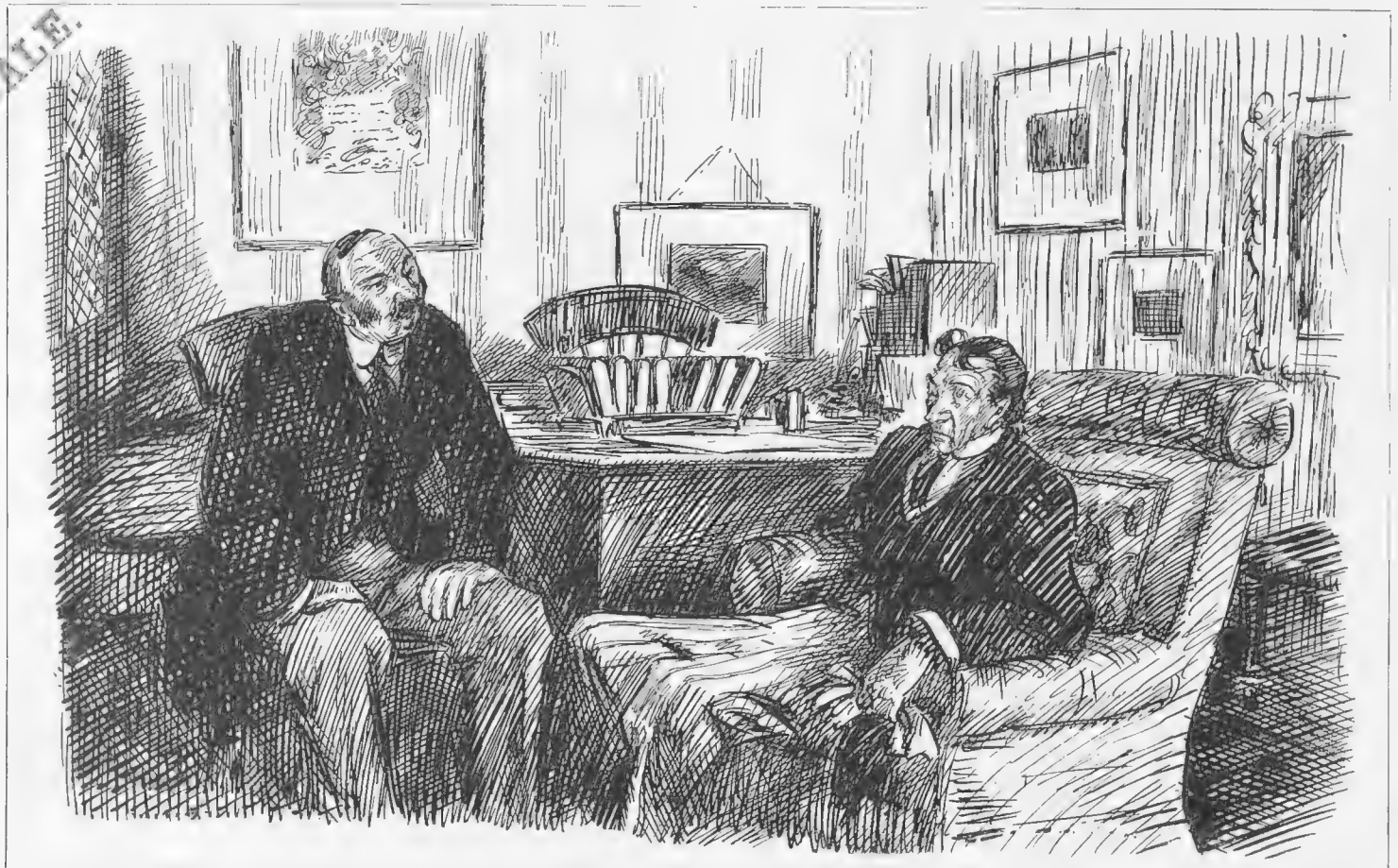
Extract from the *North China Express*—

MYSTERIOUS ABANDONMENT.

"The steamer *Inverlochy* came into Hong Kong yesterday with fires banked. Having been boarded by the Customs, it was found that there were no officers and crew on board, although the steamer entered the harbour as well as if she were being handled by a full crew. By the condition of the fires, she could only just have been abandoned, but no trace of her crew has yet been found. One lifeboat is missing.

"The *Inverlochy* has on board the remains of nearly 6000 Chinese, who have died in California during the last fifty years. The bodies were exhumed to bring them to China for re-interment."

THE END.



THE DOCTOR: Well, organically you're sound. Your trouble is just nerves. What you want is to mix about in cheerful, bright, intelligent society.

THE PATIENT: Ah, Doctor, it'll have to be the obituary notice then—or else I must chuck the job.

THE DOCTOR: How's that? What are you?

THE PATIENT: I manage a musical-comedy company.



ON THE LINKS



DUNCAN, ALL HAIL! THE NEW OPEN CHAMPION OF FRANCE, AND HIS STYLE.

Duncan at Last. I think everybody must be pleased that George Duncan won the first prize of £100 in the P.G.A. tournament at Walton Heath the other day, and I think, also, that it was a very good thing for the game, because it may have some effect on it in a way that is much to be desired. And though a hundred pounds make up quite a big and appreciable sum of money which even the richest of golfing people consider a good item, we all know George Duncan well enough to be sure that he was more pleased himself than the mere sovereigns could make him.



LEADER OF THE FIELD FOR A WHILE DURING THE FRENCH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. H. D. GILLIES (WOKING).

Photograph by Sport and General.

But hitherto he has never quite got there. Year after year he has been on the point of winning championships, and yet has never won them, and the culmination of the set by the fates against him was reached at Hoylake this year when he, the favourite, too, and never playing better golf in his life (which is much the same thing as saying that nobody has played better golf), actually failed to qualify. But at this, ill-fortune seemed to have recognised that it had gone the whole length with poor, luck-lorn George, and so it gave him this P.G.A. tournament as a solatium. But though that made a good beginning as a victory in a classic event, it was only just a trifle to be going on with, and now George Duncan has won the French Open Championship, and if he doesn't win others later on, we shall want to know the reason why.

A Great Achievement.

I remember that two years ago at Sandwich it did really seem certain that he would win the big event. Then I recollect he went out on the last day playing to a schedule, and put his schedule too low, tried to do too much at the beginning, and made a mess of the whole thing in consequence. If he had only placed his schedule score higher and allowed himself four or five strokes more for his rounds, he could and probably would have won, instead of which Vardon and Massy tied and Duncan was not in it with them. Then at Muirfield in 1912 he was fancied more than ever, and his believers were supported by Duncan's own feeling of confidence; but though he started brilliantly at that meeting, he failed to make good for the first place in the championship. Now he has scored at last, though not in the British championship, and I do not think that even James Braid, on mature reflection (James being a right-down good sportsman of a golfer), will begrudge George that victory, even though it did

cost him, the said James, the sum of sixty pounds, being the difference between first and second prizes, and at the moment he did not like the idea of being beaten on his own course. However, everybody knows that it is a harder thing to beat James Braid at Walton Heath than it is to beat anybody else on his home course, wherever it may be, and will be harder for a long time to come, and that is what makes Duncan's achievement all the better.

He Wastes No Time.

I said that this victory might be a good thing for the game, and what I mean by that—a good deal of twaddle often being talked about things that are "good for the game," the influence having to be very powerful, whatever it is, to make the slightest difference—is that it may do something to counteract the strong tendency towards excessive slowness of method that has set in this season, stimulated as that tendency was by the exaggerated example set by Heinrich Schmidt, of Massachusetts, in the championship at St. Andrews, and by other Americans who were seen at Paris and elsewhere. Hardly anything in the way of hint or suggestion has appealed to anybody for a long time so much as this slow-and-sure business, which, however sure it may have been in the case of the Schmidts, is not much that way when tried by the majority of people who are now doing it. I have seen them in dozens. players who have ever handled a



THE ONE-ARMED PLAYER IN THE FRENCH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: V. BOTCAZOU AT THE FIRST TEE.

Photograph by Montague Dixon.

Duncan is one of the fastest club; in fact, I do believe that he is the very fastest, and he is certainly the most attractive to watch. His style is artistic and graceful to a high degree. But the point about his speed is that most of it is gained not so much by hurry, as by economy of time. He wastes none of it, and the seconds that are spent, aggregating sometimes to half a minute, by the nervous player in standing over his ball, doing different kinds of waggles and thinking out all the hints and ideas that he has ever heard of in connection with the shot he has in hand, are cut clean out of the Duncan programme. All the thinking is done before, when the careless golfers are walking along after their balls and talking about the drama they had seen the night before, or the excellences of some other course than the one on which they are playing. When Duncan gets to his ball, his plans are complete, and, his decision being always firm, he acts at once. His stance is taken, there is one quick, sudden inspiration, and the ball has gone—and it generally goes in a way that most of us would give very much to be able to make it go.

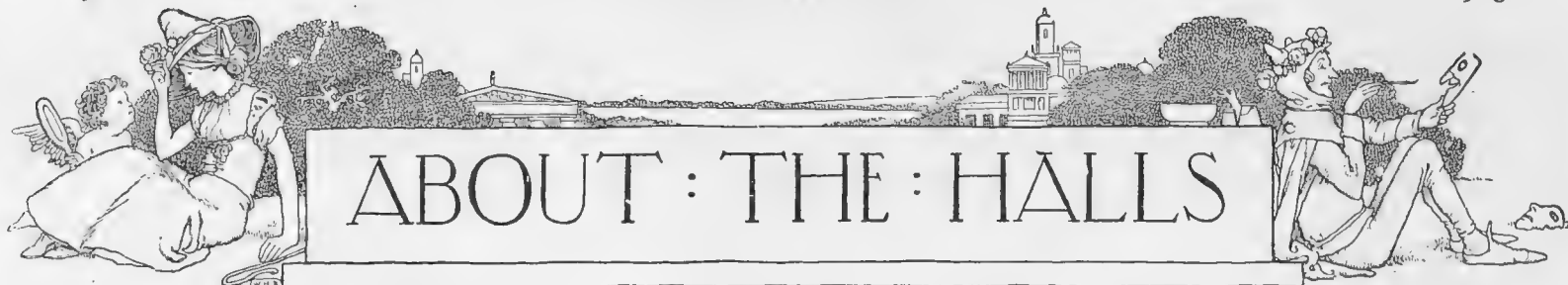
HENRY LEACH.



THE FRENCH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: A PICTURESQUE GROUP, INCLUDING PRINCE MURAT.

The French Open Golf Championship, played at Chantilly, was won by George Duncan, the Hanger Hill professional. His returns were—First round, 78; second, 79; third, 73; fourth, 74—Total, 304. He won the Championship Cup and Medal and 1250 francs. Prince Murat is President of the Chantilly Golf Club. He is the fourth figure from the left in the photograph.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



LYDIA KYASHT, HILDA TREVELYAN, AND A TRAMP-BICYCLIST.

NOT only has the Empire given the cold shoulder to the revue, but it has recalled the historic fact that it was long the London home of the ballet and it has reverted to its old love. Through an unbroken series of triumphs Genée kept the flag flying, to be succeeded in due course by Lydia Kyasht, who found no difficulty in establishing herself in the affections of the Empire's



THE FRENCH REVOLUTION PLAY AT THE SAVOY: MISS MARIE LÖHR AS ADELE VERNET, AND MR. H. B. IRVING AS DESIRÉ, MARQUIS DE LA VALLIÈRE, IN "THE GRAND SEIGNEUR."

patrons. But during recent years the ballet has suffered from the invasion of the one-act play and the encroachments of the rag-time revue and has been temporarily dethroned from its high place. However, it is once more asserting itself, and there is every indication that its return is very welcome, and in its latest form it undoubtedly deserves the close attention with which it is followed and the hearty reception it receives. "Titania" is founded upon the Bard's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and no pains or expense have been spared to make it a treat for both eye and ear. With Shakespeare's fantasy is blended Mendelssohn's melody, and to this hard-to-beat conjunction are added a wealth of beautiful scenery, a galaxy of dancing talent, and a galaxy of fascinating costumes. Mlle. Kyasht is, of course, Titania, and dances through the part with unflinching grace and distinction, her interpretation of the famous Spring Song being a thing of sheer delight. She receives excellent support from Leonid Joukoff, a Mordkinesque dancer, who is admirably suited to the part of Oberon; from Ivy St. Helier, who makes a capital Puck; and from Phyllis Bedells, who, as Philomel, proves herself, as she has so often done before, to be an artist to the tips of her toes. Then we have a lot of other old friends from the play, Bottom, Quince, Snout, Starveling, et cetera, who provide just the right amount of Shakespearean comic relief, Fred Payne making a more than satisfactory Weaver. On the whole, "Titania" is quite a perfect thing of its kind, and is delightfully refreshing after the era of rumpus through which we have been passing.

"Wendy" at the Coliseum.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan is a past-mistress of the art of depicting the quiet little woman who skilfully gets the better of big, blustering men, and she has found in Mr. Anthony Wharton's "The House of Simon Street" a play which suits her down to the ground. Miss Raeburn has been in love with a young man named Wynn, but on account of his unbridled habits she has refused to marry him. We find Wynn in a perturbed condition and in bad company. He is passing

under the name of Cecil Henry Carton, having absconded with twelve thousand pounds of his employer's money, and two "toughs" named Lassen and Rutt have smelt a rat and have designs upon him and the swag. The play shows how Miss Raeburn appears unexpectedly upon the scene, and by the dexterity of her feminine strategy succeeds in baffling the designs of the two rascals and in rescuing her lover from their clutches, and apparently from the vengeance of the law as well. This is exactly the sort of job which Miss Hilda Trevelyan finds no difficulty in tackling. In her quiet, pointed style, she deals with her lover and the loafers alike with masterful determination, saving the one and thwarting the others in a manner which is not to be gainsaid. As the play proceeds one cannot help feeling that one misses those little touches of humour which we have learned to expect from Miss Trevelyan, and wishing that Mr. Wharton had provided her with those gentle, pawky lines which she knows so well how to deliver. However, the part is suited to her, and she is suited to the part, and that goes a very long way in the direction of ensuring the success of the sketch. Mr. Ronald Squire makes the most of the part of Wynn, alias Cecil Henry Carton, and Messrs. Charles White and Rollo Balmaine are as malevolent as need be. The little piece may be accounted a distinct success.

Old Friend in New Form.

Into the Palace has been imported a newcomer named Joe Jackson, who hails from America and brings with him an eccentric bicycle and a firm determination to make us laugh. In recent years we have had many varieties of the tramp-bicyclist, beginning, if my memory serves me right, with one Ritchie, who used to tear innumerable collars from his neck and do other odd things. The latest exponent of this curious art-form relies entirely upon diversified "business." From start to finish he utters never a word. Incidentally, of course, he falls from his bicycle and becomes entangled in its meshes. Equally of course, his ragged costume gets him into difficulties, then



THE BACTERIA SKETCH AT THE PALLADIUM: MR. HERBERT SPARLING AS THE PROFESSOR, AND MR. ROBERT PATEMAN AS THE BURGLAR.

The sketch illustrated, "A Cut from the Joint," tells of a burglar who breaks into a Professor's laboratory. After robbing the man of science, "Bill Sikes" ties him into a chair so that he may not be able to telephone for the police immediately his assailant has left. It is then the Professor's turn. He tells the burglar that, by eating a piece of mutton he has found in a cupboard, he has inoculated himself with the bacteria of cholera. Next follows a big scene between the two men, the burglar craving the Professor to give him something to stop the disease.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray]

his machine comes to pieces and he puts it together all wrong. Then a toe to his boot opens and shuts like a crocodile's mouth when he attempts to recover his hat. All this may sound not very original, but Joe Jackson makes his tramp a most diverting person.—ROVER.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

SUNBEAM SPEED AGAIN: THE FOUR NEW DAIMLERS: A VETERAN CADILLAC: CREOSOTE AND INCREDULITY.

The Pro-dee-gious Sunbeam

The twelve-cylinder Sunbeam and Coatalen are not to be denied. That the Peugeot record of 106 miles 387 yards in sixty minutes should stand was unthinkable at Wolverhampton, and so on Friday, Oct. 10, the record-smasher was sent a-record-smashing with great effect. The Peugeot record was defeated by 1 mile 1258 yards; but from what I hear, the Sunbeam was driven on the curb all the time, and could have wiped

A Brave Old Car.

Some time since Mr. F. S. Bennett, of Cadillac Motors, Ltd., happened on the very first Cadillac car ever introduced to this country, which was driven through the 1903 1000-miles Trial, organised by the then Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, and now the Royal Automobile Club. Being able to obtain the use of this veteran for a space, Mr. Bennett bethought him of once more imposing on this pioneer 6½-h.p. Cadillac an exact repetition of the trial it underwent just ten years ago. The 1000 miles was made up of out-and-home runs from the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, as follows: Margate, 150½ miles; Eastbourne, 121; Worthing, 118½; Folkestone, 137½; Southsea, 144½; Bexhill, 121½; Winchester, 133½; and Brighton, 91½. The steep ascents of Wrotham, Hindhead, Hand Cross, Bury and Westerham were included in the above itineraries. All these hills, with the exception of Westerham, were surmounted by this ten-year-old, weighing, with load, 18½ cwt., without unloading its passengers. The car started absolutely in the condition in which it was found, and the repairs and adjustments required on the road included only such things as burst tyres, a collision, ignition-adjustment, a fractured petrol-pipe, and a perished water-connection. The Winchester and Brighton trips were covered in one day with that past-master in Cadillac driving, Mr. Bennett, at the wheel.



A POPULAR ACTRESS ON THE ROAD: MISS MARIE LÖHR IN HER 15-H.P. CHARRON.
Photograph by Tella.

out the then existing record by a much bigger margin than that actually achieved. Indeed, it has already been shown that this car can beat 118 miles per hour at Brooklands, and, as a matter of fact, 117 miles per hour was actually touched in making the above record of 107 miles 1672 yards in sixty minutes. The uttermost speed seems to be governed by only two factors—the Brooklands banking and the difficulty of getting tyres to stand the fearful strain of hurling this car through space at this tremendous speed. It would seem that Brooklands records are becoming rather tests of tyres than of engine and chassis. In this drive the world's 100 miles and 150 miles records were beaten. They now stand at 55 min. 35.55 sec, and 1 hour 25 min. 14.97 sec., Chassaigne driving.

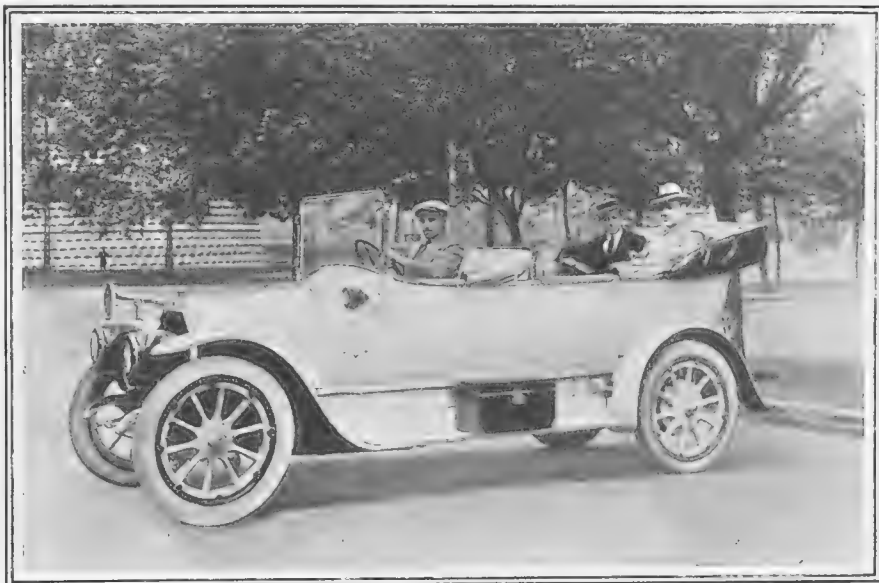
The 1914 Daimlers.

The Daimler cars will number four in type for 1914. Only one, the 20-h.p., is of entirely new design; the remaining three represent the generally accepted Daimler practice, although the engine-dimensions in the 30-h.p. four-cylinder, the 30-h.p. six-cylinder, and the special Daimler six-cylinder are respectively, 110 mm. by 130 mm., 90 mm. by 130 mm., and 110 mm. by 130 mm. The more important feature that differentiates the Daimler 20-h.p. from the other Daimler models resides in the transmission, for the gear-box, in lieu of being an independent unit occurring between the clutch and the propeller-shaft, is in this model incorporated with the central portion of the back axle: something on American lines, but structurally better done than I have ever seen in a pure Yankee car. The rear wheels are driven from the propeller-shaft by an overhead worm at such a height that under load the crank-shaft, propeller-shaft, and worm-spindle are horizontally lineable. The propeller-shaft is carried in a spherically treated torque-column, which delivers thrust and torque to a cross-member. The pedal-applied brake is placed behind the axle on a prolongation of the worm-shaft. The car's rear part is carried on inverted semi-elliptic springs on the cantilever principle. Altogether this is an interesting departure in Daimler practice, and will assuredly attract much attention.

Doubts About Creosote.

Who shall decide when scientists disagree? A few days ago the hopes of car-owners were lifted to the empyrean by the announcement on the part of the Petrol Substitutes Committee that salvation resided in creosote. Now, during the perusal of a paper read by that eminent automobile engineer, Mr. I. S. Critchley, M.I.Mech.E., before the Institution of Automobile Engineers, I find him saying:

"Creosote has recently been referred to as an available material for the production of motor-fuel. It is a coal distillate of from '94 to '98 specific gravity. The creosote oil usually contains about forty per cent. of naphthalene. . . . Cracking of creosote oil has often been attempted in Germany, and given up: one reason being the sulphur content which spoils the distillates and



A GREAT TENOR ON THE ROAD: SIGNOR CARUSO IN HIS 30-H.P. LANCIA.

The famous Italian tenor constantly uses his car for professional and social purposes, and it is a matter for note that although the vehicle illustrated has run many thousands of miles, it has never yet failed its owner.

gives them a most objectionable smell. Again, the temperature required for distillation is very high, and success was practically only achieved at one special temperature. Below that the output of benzol was very small, and above it the benzol turned into naphthalene. The amount of benzol obtained by the German process was only two per cent."



LORD MERTHYR, who is so deeply concerned with the tragedy at Senghenydd, has never shirked face-to-face contact with the industrial life and its responsibilities. The news of the disaster found him, as it happens, preparing for a journey to Scotland; but this does not mean that he makes a rule of keeping at safe and comfortable distance from the wear-and-tear of the grimy corner of Wales now thrown into mourning. Indeed, Lord Merthyr has an unusually keen appetite for work. His own wealth and title have not, for instance, seemed to him to be sufficient reasons for not accepting "a situation." He is the only peer who has been agent of another—the Marquess of Bute.



TO MARRY MR. REGINALD WILLIAM SMITH ON OCT. 25 : MISS DOROTHY NEPEAN.

Miss Nepean is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Evan Colville Nepean, C.B., and of Lady Nepean, of Aldington, Hythe, Kent.

Photograph by Swaine.

see himself in effigy in a public square. He was less resolute when the question of the statue was first broached than the Prince Consort, who refused to have his rides in Rotten Row disturbed by the frigid stare of his double in white marble. But even a statue may be the occasion, not of pride, but good works. When Kruger's was cast in bronze for Pretoria, Mrs. Kruger insisted that no top should be put to her husband's tall hat, so that rain-water might accumulate inside it "for the consolation of the little birds."

The Thirteenth. The unlucky year—for mines and liners and express trains—is not proving unlucky for the individual. The Duchess of Fife and her two Queenly advisers did not go so far as to tempt Providence by choosing Oct. 13, 1913, as the day of the wedding, but the 13th did play a very important part in the preparatory arrangements, and without any bad consequences. The evil day was not, at any rate, kept quite out of sight, as one unduly nervous lady of the Court had wished it to be. The Duchess of Fife herself is in two minds about the number with a bad name. She and her family were wrecked on Dec. 13, but to set against that piece of bad luck must be set the good luck of having been rescued on the same day! And Prince Arthur was born on a 13th of January. No wonder she has kindly doubts about ill-omens.



TO MARRY MR. ALFRED CAPPER TO-DAY (OCT. 22) : MRS. TRAFFORD.

Mr. Alfred Capper is the well-known thought-reader. Mrs. Trafford is the widow of Mr. Henry Randolph Trafford, of Michaelchurch Court, Herefordshire.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Living Statues. Lord Merthyr's barony is "of Senghenydd," and his own connection with the stricken town of the closest nature. Born in Merthyr-Tydfil seventy-six years ago, the first peer's life has been spent among mines and miners, and in 1864 he married the daughter of a colliery proprietor. He was the founder of the sliding scale, served on Royal Commissions on Labour, Coal Mines, "Royalties," and on the action of coal-dust in mines; and has been one of the few living men allowed to



TO MARRY MISS DOROTHY NEPEAN ON OCT. 25 : MR. REGINALD WILLIAM SMITH.

Mr. Reginald Smith, of Molo, British East Africa, is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Smith, of Kensington.

Photograph by Swaine.

"Windsor Cassel." Sir Ernest Cassel, with Moulton Paddocks at his back, and the lease of Mrs. Montagu Tharp's Chippenham Park shooting in his pocket, is able to offer first-rate sport to the King.

"Born in King Solomon's Mines," says the anonymous author of "Lives of the 'Lustrious,'" "Sir Ernest fitted out a costly Armada and, after untold privations on the coast of Golconda, discovered Sandringham." What is more, Sir Ernest has discovered how to be a King's host as well as a King's guest. Although he is sometimes called "Windsor Cassel," it is at Moulton Paddocks that he proves how well he can Cassel a King.

Within the Radius. A royal motor, during the busiest week the Court has known for a year, left its town errands to go to Farnborough. The message it bore was a "how-are-you?" to the Empress Eugénie. The King's solicitude was all the more urgent in this case because no news of the first stages of the Empress's indisposition had reached his Majesty; and when, almost by chance, the news did filter through a Household absorbed in other affairs, it is probable that his Majesty was even more than usually desirous of showing that he could not at any time be forgetful of the exile of Farnborough. And in any case the motor-car is enormously increasing the radius within which a call, instead of a wire, is obligatory.

Stricken Wales. Mr. McKenna, leaving an empty chair at an expectant table and an empty stall in the theatre, travelled all night on one of the most depressing of missions. He went to Wales as the representative of the Home Office at a moment when the official sympathy of a hundred Home Offices would have been absolutely unavailing. There was nothing to be done during those first days of trial; even to seek to comfort the widows and children was impossible, for people who live in hope, however desperate, refuse to be comforted. Mr. McKenna found several friends at Senghenydd, but all were as powerless as he. Mr. Clem Edwards, M.P., was, it is true, on the spot early enough to take an active place among the rescuers, but even he tasted of the despair that comes over the pit-mouth watchers. Mr. Edwards has a record pleasing enough to the mining community at other times; at first a warehouseman, later a checking-clerk, then a barrister, lastly an M.P. and a journalist. In all trade union cases Mr. Edwards's shrewdness is a quality much esteemed by the miners; but last week he felt for the first time the futility of shrewdness, of sympathy, or of any of the talents which make life possible at the Bar or in the Commons, but which, in the face of unutterable tragedy, necessarily fade to insignificance. Sympathy, however, can take a practical shape. Mr. Edwards was asked by the Home Secretary to form a committee to discover how many people were dependent on the dead.



ENGAGED TO MR. WALTER BUSH, OF THE WORCESTER-SHIRE REGIMENT : MISS MARGUERITE BERKELEY LUCY.

Miss Lucy is the second daughter of the late Mr. Edmund Berkeley Lucy, of Wellesbourne, Warwickshire, and of Mrs. Berkeley Lucy, of Hesketh Crescent, Torquay.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN J. ASTLEY CORBETT : MISS MARCIA PITT-RIVERS.

Miss Pitt-Rivers is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pitt-Rivers, of Salisbury. Captain Astley-Corbett, of the Scots Guards, is the only son of Sir Francis Astley-Corbett, Bt.

Photograph by Lafayette.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Royal Photographs.

Just when a number of royal personages are, if one may say so without disrespect, "in the air," it is interesting to observe their expression in their portraits as in their everyday life. Perhaps the thing that strikes us usually is their extreme seriousness. In some



WITH LAMP-SHADE TUNIC : AN AFTERNOON TEA - GOWN.

This is a graceful afternoon gown composed of a flowered silk skirt and simple chiffon bodice, with a sash round the waist and tied loosely at one side; the lamp-shade tunic is of chiffon edged with a deep band of plain silk.

Some happy snapshots show him laughing heartily—a frame of mind which should be his for the rest of his energetic, unselfish, kindly life.

Gay Weddings.

All the conventions, as well as all the prejudices, seem to be in the melting-pot, and nothing is more surprising, in a conservative society like ours, than the sudden transformation of weddings into an amusing social entertainment. First of all went the odious breakfast, with speeches; then the ceremony was an afternoon instead of a morning one; and now, in numbers of cases, an evening party or a ball the night before the wedding allows the contracting pair to welcome their friends to view the wedding-presents which they have contributed to the new *ménage*. For it is well known that no one cares a dump for seeing other people's gifts, however opulent; they are simply, and naturally, interested in the spectacle of their own offering. With the royal example, these evening parties are bound to leap into high fashion, and it must be conceded that they are more human, and offer more entertainment for the guests, than that rush through a crowded room, with a glimpse of two bewildered young people standing on a raised wooden platform beneath a bell of stephanotis and trembling maidenhair-fern. For on these vast assemblages, from which folks fled as if pursued by the Furies, a great deal of money was wasted. With the advent of brides who are unconventional enough to be married in shell-pink or shimmering tinsel, further developments in the matter of gaiety, brilliance, and high spirits may be expected. Why should not the bridesmaids and pages—who, at modish weddings nowadays, appear in fancy dress or garbed like some ancestor—perform some kind of masque of Hymen or symbolical dances? Poets might be pressed into the service of the bride, and even the seventeenth-century Epithalamium be revived.

Poverty on Fifteen Hundred a Year.

There is no wonder that a scarcity of marriages among the well-to-do exists, for numbers of pleasing young middle-class people, fitted in every way to enter the married state, appear to consider an income of anything under £1500 a year as abject poverty. It is a parlous state of affairs, good for neither man, woman, nor the State. The very best material we possess, physically and intellectually, is lying fallow because these young people want to start life with valets and maids, with a flat in town and a country cottage near a golf-links, and consider themselves ill-used if they have not a first-rate motor-car. Clearly, the standard of living is preposterous, and parents are to blame if they bring up girls who cannot do their own hair and mend their tuckers, or boys who are not handy enough to pack their own clothes. These same helpless Britons make, by-the-bye, admirable and cheerful pioneers in outlandish places; but men will do things in Rhodesia or Manitoba which they would make a terrible pother about in England. And I have no doubt the girls, if put to it, would be equally adroit and helpful in a strange land. It is astonishing how English girls who have never handled any more useful implement than a tennis-racquet or a golf-club will rake and plant, cook and sweep, if only the home is far enough away and the conditions of life more resemble a picnic camp than a staid English home.

The Order of the Bath.

I rub my eyes when an earnest gentleman pleads, in my morning paper, for the Germanising of our municipal swimming-baths. In Frankfurt, he declares, a paternal Government prohibits any citizen from taking a header unless he has been previously washed and drenched (in the building itself) from his head to his toes; and I presume the custom holds good with women. This drastic proceeding, so suggestive of prison and workhouse etiquette, leaves one wondering why the Teuton has to be washed before he takes his swim. Does it not suggest a certain carelessness about the morning's toilet, and that the German might more reasonably copy English habits in this respect than that free-born Britons should have to submit themselves to this singular process before they take a swim? In two respects, however, the German swimming-baths are better arranged than some of ours. They have towels "as big as a blanket," and the entrance to the bath is through the dressing-rooms, which are excellent. At the Hampstead Bath, for instance, "dressing-room" is a misnomer for the small black cupboard in which you bruise yourself disrobing; while an ironic humorist has hung all the looking-glasses on the side where no single ray of light can ever fall. In such respects we might advantageously copy the foreigner, and in some baths certainly the water soon loses its pristine clarity.



FOR AFTERNOON TEA : A FRICK IN OLD-ROSE CHARMEUSE.

Above is an old-rose charmeuse frock with double-frilled tunic of chiffon and swathed black-satin sash tied low over one hip; the bodice is made of chiffon, flowered with roses.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 29.

UNITED OF HAVANA.

THE increase from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent. in the dividend upon the Ordinary stock of the Company created a very good impression, which is fully confirmed by the Report, which has just appeared.

Gross receipts at £1,626,600 showed an increase of £212,000. As the ratio of working expenses was practically unchanged, the net earnings have increased to the extent of £99,000. Interest on investments also yielded more than last year, and so the directors were able not only to pay increased dividend, but also materially to increase the amounts placed to the various reserve funds—£225,000 being thus expended as against £135,000 twelve months ago.

Much has been done to encourage other forms of traffic, but sugar continues to provide the principal source, and it is therefore satisfactory to read that the sugar crop during the current year is expected to be about the same as the last one, although weather conditions during the next few months may entirely alter these estimates. The tobacco crop is also expected to turn out about the same. Everything points, therefore, to a continuance of the present rate of dividend, and the fact that the stock at 88 is a point lower than at this time last year can only be ascribed to the present unsatisfactory market conditions.

OMNIBUS COMBINE.

The announcement, made last week, that the directors of the New Central Omnibus Company have decided to sell the entire assets of that Company to the Underground Electric Railways Company cannot have occasioned much surprise, and we imagine the shareholders will readily agree to the scheme.

The New Central Company has an issued capital of only £96,689, and the price for the entire assets has been fixed at £194,000 of 6 per cent. Income Bonds and 48,500 rs. Ordinary "A" shares of the Underground Electric Company. Taking these latter at current market valuations, the shareholders will do considerably better than the present figure at which their shares are quoted, and they are also to receive a dividend in cash at the rate of 8 per cent. in respect of the nine months to June 30.

The directors of the New Central Company are to be very much congratulated on the bargain they have made; the shareholders will get for their Ordinary shares Bonds yielding 12 per cent. per annum, and a bonus of one "A" share for every two shares held.

AMERICAN INCOME TAX.

The English Association of American Bond and Share Holders have received from New York the interesting information that dividends from shares are to be exempted from the new income-tax proposals. This is certainly good news for those interested in American securities, and it was already known that the bondholders are, in most cases, protected by clauses in the mortgage-deeds exempting their interest from any American taxes. As we pointed out, however, some months ago, the bondholders' gain is, in this case, the shareholders' loss. The tax will have to be paid by the Company, and will therefore in reality fall upon the shareholders.

THE MEXICAN RAILWAY.

The declaration of the dividend of this Company came as a severe shock to the Market. As long ago as August we pointed out how serious was the drop in the rate of exchange, and this view is fully confirmed by the announcement of only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., against 3 7-8 a year ago. Gross receipts of this Railway in the first half of the year showed an increase of 353,000 dols., and at one time very sanguine estimates were indulged in as to the rate of dividend. More recently, however, the Market revised its views somewhat, but even so, very few people expected less than 3 per cent. Whether the directors have thought it necessary to take special precautions, or whether working costs have increased very much, we are not told; probably it is a little of each. Unfortunately, the news from Mexico continues to be as unsatisfactory as ever.

GLOBE AND PHOENIX.

The Shareholders' Committee of the Globe and Phoenix Mine have now issued their report; but, unfortunately, the members do not seem unanimous. Mr. Hugh Miller, in fact, has gone so far as to issue a special circular expressing his own opinions, which differ very much from those of the majority of the Committee.

The bulk of the report is concerned with the question of the reduction of directors' fees, and we fail to see how there can be two opinions on this question. Equally competent Boards of equally important Companies are content with the ordinary remuneration, and so why should the Globe and Phoenix directors receive more? The fact that the directors are the servants of the shareholders is often forgotten, but none the less true. We foresee a lively meeting.

COPPER.

Messrs. H. R. Merton and Co.'s copper figures for the fortnight ending Oct. 15 reveal a further shrinkage in visible supplies. Arrivals during that period were only 16,142 tons, while 17,184 tons were delivered. Stocks in England and France and afloat at the end of the period were only 21,934 tons, compared with 22,523 tons at the end of September, and 43,000 tons at the corresponding date last year.

The actual consumption at present shows no signs of falling off, while the labour troubles in various directions are all tending to reduce the supplies. The market for both the metal and the shares, however, has been very dull all the week—largely, we think, owing to dearer money in England, and to the very strained financial conditions existing in Paris and the Continent generally.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.

A correspondent writes to us as follows: "I have £500 to invest, and would take it as a favour if you would advise me of several investments in which to place it. I desire above all things that my money should be safe, and, with that proviso, as fair a return on it as can be had."

There must be a good many of our readers who have the same views with regard to their money, and we therefore propose this week to suggest a few stocks which, in our opinion, fulfil the above conditions—

1. The First Mortgage Bonds of the New York Telephone Company are quoted at 99, and yield over $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Interest is payable in May and October, and the security unimpeachable. There are £7,500,000 First and General Mortgage Bonds outstanding which enjoy a free market in New York, London, and Amsterdam, and interest charges are being earned nearly six times over.

2. City of St. Petersburg Loan will have made its appearance by the time these notes appear, and is, in our opinion, an admirable investment. City of Moscow 5 per cent. Loan of 1908 is well secured, and a good purchase at the current figure of 101 $\frac{1}{2}$.

3. Turning to investments at home, it is not difficult to get nearly 5 per cent.; but Selfridge Debentures appear to us particularly well secured, and cheap at the current price of 95. There are only £396,200 issued, which are redeemable by annual drawings at 105 or purchase in the market. The interest was covered five times over last year. Electric-lighting Companies' shares have often been referred to in these columns, and seem perfectly safe.

4. Among Railway securities, Union Pacific Preference at 82 offer a yield of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., are thoroughly well secured, and have possibilities as well. Great Central 1889 Preference are an excellent investment.

From this list there should be no difficulty in making up a little trust to yield about $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and all the stocks mentioned can be held without the slightest anxiety as to safety of both principal and income.

DORADA EXTENSION RAILWAY.

This small Columbian Railway is but little known to the general public, and even in the Stock Exchange it would not be difficult to find dealers who have never heard of it; but the traffics have been so consistently good during the last year or so that we consider the shares well worth the attention of anyone who is looking for a speculative investment.

The Company was registered in 1905, and was a reconstruction of the original Dorada Railway. The old Company obtained a concession from the Government for a railway of twenty-two miles, the Government giving a subsidy of 7000 dols. per kilometre on the original line, and 10,000 dols. per kilometre on the extension to Dorada. In addition to this, the new Company obtained a concession for a further extension to Giradot. The Columbian Government has the option to purchase the railway at valuation in 1961, and if this option is not exercised it will revert to the Government fifty years later.

The capital consists of £350,000 in £10 shares, £345,000 6 per cent. Debentures repayable in 1960, and £150,000 6 per cent. Second Debentures repayable in five years' time. This latter issue was made last May in order to provide the money for the Dorada Railway Ropeway Extensions, Ltd. These Ropeways will bring the produce down from the neighbouring valleys, and will bring considerable traffic to the line.

In 1911 the first dividend of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was paid, gross traffics being £71,000. Last year the gross figures increased to £89,000, and the directors were able to increase the distribution to 4 per cent. and attend liberally to rolling stock, etc. An active policy of development with regard to extensions is being carried out, and therefore the directors are unlikely to deviate from their hitherto conservative policy; but, in view of the fact that the traffics since Jan. 1 show an increase of £12,600 over last year's figures, we think 5 per cent. can be counted upon with a fair degree of assurance.

The current quotation for the £10 Ordinary shares is only $6\frac{1}{2}$, so there is plenty of room for an advance, and we should not be surprised to see them quoted at 8 during the next six months.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"Congratulations," was the clerk's greeting as the Rubber expert came in on Thursday morning.

"Thank you," replied the latter, "but it's not my birthday."

[Continued on page 96.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A Royal Evening Party.

There is no end to the variety in entertaining that has been inaugurated by our King and Queen. The party before the wedding at St. James's Palace was a case in point, and was really a very pretty affair. The King and Queen, with many members of the royal family, passed through the rooms about eleven o'clock, stopping to speak to many of the guests personally known to them. So far from no decorations having been worn, as said the dailies, every decoration that anyone ever possessed was worn. The King, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Arthur all wore

the Ribbon and Star of the Garter. The Queen looked very fine in deep-blue and gold brocade, the lower part of the skirt and the bodice embroidered in diamonds. She wore a very high diamond tiara tipped with long pear-shaped cabochon emeralds, and a dog-collar, necklets, and corsage ornaments of diamonds. Princess Patricia, of Connaught looked lovely in wine-coloured charmeuse and tulle. Princess Victoria was in white and gold brocade, and the Princess Royal in black and silver; while the then bride-to-be was wearing a short white charmeuse dress



THE MARRIAGE OF LADY DOROTHY HOWARD AND THE HON. FRANCIS HENLEY: A WEDDING GROUP AT OXFORD.

The wedding took place at St. Margaret's, Oxford, on Oct. 14. In the group are the bridegroom, the bride's brother (the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, M.P., who gave her away), Mr. Geoffrey Headlam (the best man), the bride, and her two little nieces as bridesmaids, Miss Rosalind Henley and Miss Kitty Henley.

Photograph by C.N.

embroidered in white jet, the skirt looped slightly up under a cluster of pink roses. The presents were looked at, but the crowd was too great to see them easily: all the same, I wondered why the fittings of the suit-case that the bride gave the bridegroom were engraved "A. F."

Houses Will Not Stretch.

Hardly anyone nowadays has a wedding reception in their own private house. The Princess Royal could hardly have fitted eight hundred guests into 15, Portman Square. As with a royal lady, so with private ones, the social circle in these days outgrows private accommodation. That is why the charming reception-rooms of the Alexandra Hotel are in such request for wedding-parties. They were much admired at Kaid Sir Harry Maclean's and other weddings recently, and they do look lovely, having been entirely and most tastefully redecorated. The view over Hyde Park is also vastly appreciated, and as everything is done with luxury equal to a first-rate private house, it is little wonder that this up-to-date hotel is in such favour and continues so greatly to prosper.

The Necessities of Life.

We must eat, and we are grateful when we can do so daintily, comfortably, and satisfactorily. The Formosa Oolong Tea Rooms, at the corner of Swallow Street, in Piccadilly, have become, as they deserved to do, a cherished resort of the cultured for luncheon and tea. The surroundings are charming. There is music judiciously administered in quantities small and good. For lunch there is a varied menu of remarkably well-cooked dishes, charmingly served by a British or a Japanese waitress. When all these things are obtainable for a most moderate price, the success made by the Formosa Oolong Tea and Luncheon Rooms is not to be wondered at.

A Sale to Attend.

While antiquity is the very height of the fashion in nearly everything but the human species, the announcement of a sale in Harrod's

department for antiques will be welcomed. These are genuine antiques, selected by expert skill and by men of wide and varied experience. This sale begins on Oct. 27, and a special feature of it will be some lovely old tapestry hangings and exquisite old needle-work. One panel should be presented to Ulster, as it depicts the landing of the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory. It is exquisite in colour, the work perfect, and



THE DAUGHTER OF THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLEY'S AUNT" ENGAGED: MISS AMY BRANDON THOMAS, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. DEANE-BRAND.

Miss Amy Brandon Thomas made her stage debut in 1907, and has appeared as Kitty Verdun in her father's famous farce, "Charley's Aunt," as Lady Sydenham in "Drake," and in various other rôles. Mr. Deane-Brand is a son of the late Mr. Deane-Brand and Mrs. Deane-Brand (Miss Kate Chard), the well-known operatic artists.

Photo. by Foulsham and Banfield.



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS MAY OVERTON WILLS AND MR. NEVILLE H. GRIMBLE: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM ON THEIR WEDDING-DAY.

Mr. Neville Grimble, of the Leicestershire Regiment, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Grimble, of Theydon Bois, Essex. His bride is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. H. Overton Wills and Mrs. Overton Wills, of Cannon Hill.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

the treatment somewhat fanciful; it is a quaint and rare old piece. There are several needlework fire-screens, done for the most part in *petite point*, which will gladden the eyes of connoisseurs and make the modern embroideress grow green with envy. Then there are needlework covered chairs amiably ready to fit in richly and harmoniously with any room, and become, in an inconspicuous way, one of its chiefest ornaments. The subjects of some of these screens are unintentionally humorous—for instance, the Balaam and his ass incident has been cast in the Louis XIV. period. The tapestry hangings are especially attractive in colour, texture, and workmanship. There are some very beautiful pieces of old china and some cabinets in Buhl, marqueterie, Jacobean work, and old inlaid wood that are things to dream about, so perfect are they in shape and decoration.

No. 1



MARRIAGE OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.
WITH
HER HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.
CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE,
PRESS.

Wednesday, 15th October, 1913.

The Representative of
Admit The Illustrated London News

SANDHURST,
Lord Chamberlain.

MORNING DRESS.

Admission before 11 a.m. by Ambassadors' Court.

ADMISSION TO THE WEDDING OF PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT AND THE DUCHESS OF FIFE: THE TICKET OF THE SPECIAL ARTIST OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

An illustrated paper (other than the "Illustrated London News"), published last Friday, said, under a drawing which appeared in its pages with the heading "The Royal Marriage Between Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duchess of Fife": "The Editor . . . has ever made it a strict rule never to present to its readers imaginary pictures. . . . He has deviated from this rule on the present occasion because facilities have been refused to the ———'s most accomplished artist . . . to be present at the Chapel Royal at the wedding. . . . We believe we are justified in saying that no artist of an illustrated paper was present at the ceremony. . . ." The Editor in question was wrong; this lends interest to the reproduction given above of the ticket issued to the Special Artist of "The Illustrated London News," which produced a particularly good Double Number illustrating the wedding thoroughly and accurately.

Continued from page 94

"Which should, in your case, be sufficient reason for congratulations; but I was really referring to the tip you gave the senior partner last week."

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't undress with a light, and I happen to know you put at least two people on to a stumer."

"As a matter of fact," replied the clerk, "I have yet to meet anyone who was right over the beastly race. It's as hard to make an honest penny that way as it is on the Stock Exchange."

"It's bad enough there, anyway," remarked Harry. "I know a half-commission man with a jolly good connection—Trust Companies and so on—who told me that he has only cleared about sixty pounds in the last three months!"

"I see the underwriters have got about enough gilt-edged stock to last them till the Turkeys come round."

"Well, when they get 92 per cent. of one of the cheapest trustee stocks ever offered, you can hardly wonder at them going on strike."

"I tried to sell some Borough of Napier stock the other day," said the senior partner, "repayable at par next July, with a three-pound coupon due Christmas and another in July. What do you think they offered me?"

"101 or 102," suggested someone.

"The best offer I got was par," said the senior partner in accents of the deepest scorn, "and then my broker refused to deliver the message I sent to the jobber."

"I suppose he was afraid of the Bank Rate going up," said the Rubber expert.

"Everyone seems nervous about it," said the clerk; "but I was told yesterday that there was very little chance of a rise during the next few weeks."

"If we don't get a rise in the Bank Rate, we can always get one out of Harry by asking about Nigerian, can't we?"

But Harry was not to be drawn so easily, and retired into the telephone-box.

"It's no good trying to excite anybody about mines in these days," said the senior partner. "I wonder whether the great Rhodesian land scheme will come to anything after all; we've heard enough about it—"

"It's quite time the Chartered directors did something, anyhow; but I don't see how it will help the mines. There's been too much hanky-panky, and people are sick of them."

"If Chartered can be pushed up, the whole market will improve," said the senior partner, "although why, I don't quite know."

"By the way," inquired the clerk, "did you take up your new Shells?"

"Of course I did, but I had to sell some other stuff dreadfully cheap to find the money."

"Your tip for Kern Rivers was a pretty rotten one," said the Rubber expert to the clerk.

"It was indeed," confessed the latter. "I don't often tip Oil shares, and it will be a long time before I do again. I see Premiers are down to seven-and-six again, but I should be sorry to buy them even at that price."

There had been a good deal of noise from the telephone-box while this conversation was going on, and Harry came out looking very cross. "Just about the limit," he said. "The damsel gave me three wrong numbers in succession, and now she won't answer."

"What did you say to her, Harry?"

"I used the words of that great tragedienne, Fred Emney: 'You're a woman—that's what you are, a woman,' and she seemed to consider it an insult!"

Saturday, Oct. 18, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

C. M. (Johannesburg).—Thanks for kind letter. (1) We have answered above. (2) Consols you should hold, but we see little attraction in the Dairy shares. The mine you mentioned has good prospects, but we think patience will be necessary.

R. B. B. (Nigeria).—We have answered you through the post.

C. J. K. (Siam).—Thanks for postcard.

OASIS.—We look upon the shares you mention as too speculative to advise. You could certainly find a more promising speculation.

SAM.—Your list is perfectly sound with the exception of (5), which we do not like. Sell this and buy some more of (2) or (3), which give the same return, and are far better securities.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found the prospectus of the City of St. Petersburg 4½ per cent. Loan of 1913 for £2,300,000. Of this amount, however, £1,200,000 has been taken firm, and there thus remains only £1,100,000 for the public. Messrs. Boulton Bros. and Co., 39, Old Broad Street, E.C., are responsible for the issue, and, together, Lloyds Bank and the Bank of Scotland will receive applications at the price of £93 15s. per cent. The Loan is redeemable at par in sixty-seven years from Jan. 15, 1915 by annual drawings commencing on Oct. 14, 1914, or by purchase in the market. The money is required for tramway extensions, the building of bridges, and various municipal improvements. The population of St. Petersburg, according to the 1913 figures, is 2,048,000, with a present loan indebtedness of £9,429,935, or £4 12s. per head. The revenue for 1913 was £4,613,505. A form of application and further details will be found in the prospectus.



THE WILL TO WALK AND
THE POWER TO ENJOY IT
CAN ONLY BE GAINED

by footwear that is absolutely comfortable and amply protected. The pleasure of walking, the finest and healthiest of all exercises, is doubled by having your boots or shoes fitted with

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SHAPED
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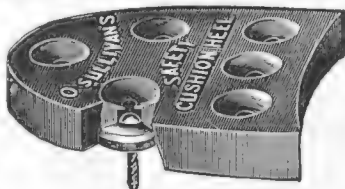
because they are made of the finest procurable rubber, because they are shaped exactly to fit the heel, and therefore act as a perfect buffer between the wearer and all road shocks, because they make walking delightful. You will never tread over on O'Sullivan's, because they lengthen the life and preserve the shape of all footwear.

Made in Black or Tan Rubber
for all shapes and present styles
of footwear.

Ladies' 1/- Per Pair.
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They fit the boot. They cushion
the foot. They outlast all others.

If your shoemaker cannot supply, send P.O. and outline of the shape of your heel to
The B. F. Goodrich Co., Ltd., 117-123, Golden Lane, London, E.C.



BUYING is interesting, but DYEING is more economical.



If a dress is merely soiled and creased, it is not necessary to replace it with a new one on that account.

Cleaning in the "Achille Serre Way" will do all that is necessary to make it fit for smart wear again. If the dress is faded, or you have tired of it—let us dye it for you. By changing the colour you will have, practically, a new dress. Then think of the difference in cost between "buying" and "dyeing"—and the many little necessities you can purchase with the money saved.

New illustrated Booklet giving full particulars of our "Four Days Service" and address of Branch or Agent nearest to your home.

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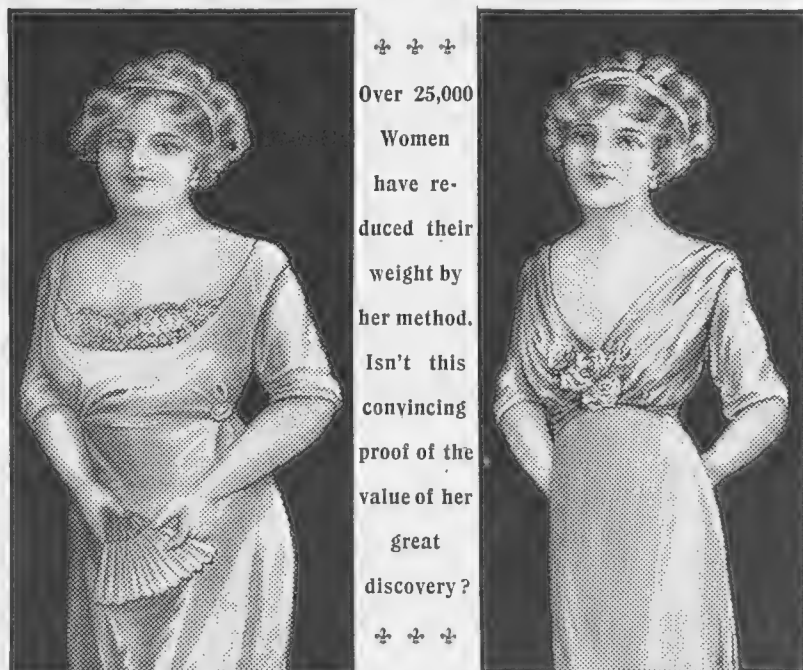
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How a Noted Artist's Model Reduced Her Weight 36 Pounds in Five Weeks.

After having to give up her calling owing to excessive fat, she discovered a Harmless Drugless Method which gave back to her the figure that made her famous.

OFFERS INTERESTING BOOK FREE WHICH TELLS HOW ANYONE CAN EASILY REDUCE THEMSELVES BY THIS METHOD IN THEIR OWN HOME WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OF ANYONE.

Double Chin and Fat Hips Go Quickly.



Over 25,000 Women have reduced their weight by her method. Isn't this convincing proof of the value of her great discovery?

You, too, can reduce yourself even more than this by the same process if you so desire. No Drugs! No Starvation Diet! No Tiresome Exercises.

Miss Winifred Grace Hartland, the famous artist's model, is again the proud possessor of the ideal figure which made her so popular a model with artists and sculptors the world over.

A year ago she had become so fleshy that she was forced to give up posing. Friends persuaded her to try various fat cures, which she did, but without success. At last, when nearly at the point of despair, she took the task of removing her fat upon her own self, and after months of trials and repeated failures she eventually discovered a way that reduced her weight at the rate of a pound per day, without the use of drugs, starvation diet, tiresome exercises or other outlandish methods, which are often tried, but which invariably prove useless.

It is no trouble, no bother, yet it seems to work like magic. It strengthens the heart, enabling easy breathing, relieves that stuffy feeling, and reduces double chin, large stomach, and fat hips quickly and safely. In fact, the general health is improved right from the start. Many of Miss Hartland's customers look from 10 to 15 years younger since they have taken her treatment.

Her method is so simple and harmless that it is a wonder someone had not thought of applying this means long ago. Several of her friends have tried this process with the same astonishing results, and there seems to be no question but that she has hit upon the only safe and sane way ever discovered for over-stout people for removing their excessive fat.

She has most reluctantly yielded to the persuasion of her enthusiastic friends to publish a book showing the means she employed to reduce herself to such beautiful proportions, after losing the shapeliness of her figure through superfluous fat.

The first copies of this interesting book are just off the press, and are certainly a work of art.

The book is written in extremely fascinating style, and contains some very fine illustrations of this famous model. It is wonderfully instructive, and there is no doubt but that it will prove of great benefit to the over-stout.

Miss Hartland, who has considerable means, has kindly consented to send a copy of her book free to anyone interested in her discovery. All



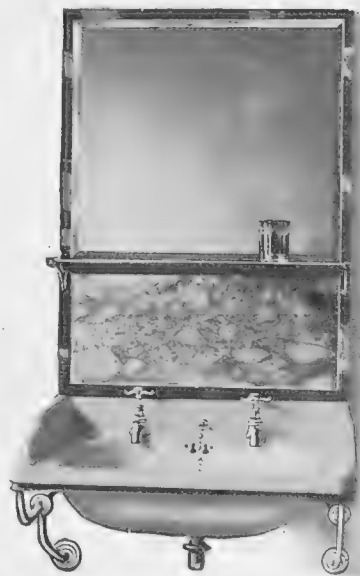
Illustrated Book which Explains her Method Now Offered Free for the First Time. Send for Copy To-day.

she asks is that 1d. stamp be enclosed for postage. Simply state that you would like a copy of her book, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," and address your letter to Miss Winifred Grace Hartland (Dept. 533), 62, Oxford St. London, W.

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The "Spa" Lavatory Set is the latest expression of refinement and convenience in Bathroom and Lavatory Equipment. It is fitted with handsome marble back and large bevelled mirror in nickel-plated frame, a convenient plate glass shelf, and nickel-plated bracket towel rails. The price complete is

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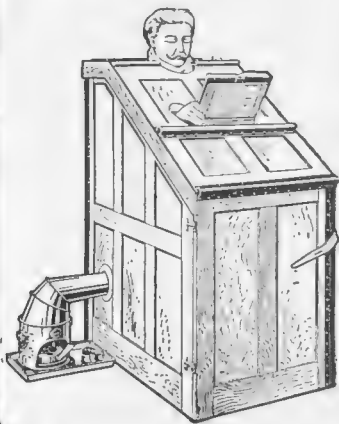
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Half-Circular Commode.

ENTIRE CONTENTS of DRAWING-ROOMS, DINING-ROOMS, RECEPTION-ROOMS, BILLIARD ROOMS, LIBRARY, SMOKING-ROOMS, &c., comprising a fine collection of Elizabethan, Jacobean, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, Empire, and other styles of furniture. Also a quantity of French and Oriental Furniture, including Louis Quatorze, Louis Quinze, and Louis Seize designs.

The whole of these exceptionally fine quality goods are being offered at less than a third of their original cost. The following few lots taken from the catalogue should give an idea of the exceptional advantages to be obtained.

Solid well-made OAK BEDROOM SUITES £3 17s. 6d., complete; OAK BEDSTEADS to match complete, £1 2s.; Handsome WHITE ENAMEL BEDROOM SUITES, complete, £5 17s. 6d.; MAHOGANY INLAID BEDROOM SUITES of Sheraton design, £7 15s.; BEDSTEADS to match, complete at £2 5s.; Large SOLID WALNUT BEDROOM SUITE, with Double Glass Door Wardrobe, £9 15s.; Elaborate QUEEN ANNE DESIGN MAHOGANY BEDROOM SUITE, £16 10s. Some exceptional elegant REAL SILVER ASH BEDROOM SUITES, with Electro-plated Fittings, and others of very choice designs and make. An exceptionally fine figured SATINWOOD BEDROOM SUITE, inlaid with various woods and also hand-painted by Leone, of Milan, a very choice specimen of cabinet work, which originally cost 500 guineas, being offered for 150 guineas; five Fine Old GENT'S WARDROBES, fitted Sliding Trays, &c., from £5 15s.; fine old Bow-fronted CHESTS OF DRAWERS, from £2 17s. 6d.

Antique Old MAHOGANY CORNER and QUEEN ANNE Enclosed WASHSTANDS; Chippendale design DRESSING TABLES with Swing Mirrors to stand on top; several massive Polished BRASS BEDSTEADS; a very fine four-fold large BLACK LAC SCREEN and a very choice BLACK LAC WRITING BUREAU, also a few other pieces of exceptionally fine Black Lac; Complete DINING ROOM SET, comprising QUEEN ANNE DESIGN BUFFET SIDEBOARD, £7 15s.; QUEEN ANNE DESIGN MANTEL MIRROR to match, 2 gs.; SET of EIGHT (6 small and 2 arm) CHAIRS of Queen Anne Design, £7 15s.; OVAL EXTENDING DINING TABLE to match, £4 10s.; 6 ft. 6 in. long, luxurious CHESTERFIELD SETTEE, £4 17s. 6d.; and two maple LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS to match at 55s. each; SHERATON DESIGN INLAID MAHOGANY BUFFET SIDEBOARD, £5 15s.; also other items to match; very magnificent GRAND PIANO by Broadwood, White Lacquer and Gold Festoons; also a superb POCKET GRAND PIANOFORTE by Geissler, Berlin—a delightful instrument connoisseurs should inspect. Originally cost 150 gs. Another choice INSTRUMENT, nearly new, 14 gs.; and another in fine Walnut Case, in perfect condition, 7 gs.; FULL-SIZE BILLIARD TABLE, and Three-quarter size Ditto, both with all accessories and in perfect condition. No reason the offer will be refused to clear. Several antique pierced front BRASS and COPPER FENDERS from 7s. each; costly and very uncommon DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE comprising specimens of French Gilt Settees, Screens, and Chairs of Louis XV. period, Vernis Martin, Boule, and other Writing Bureaux, Escritoirs, &c., very finely decorated and hand-painted French Design Set, comprising large Glass Front Show Cabinet, Fitted Drawers, &c., with Overmantel Fitting to match, choice Centre Table, Spring Upholstered Lounge Settee, with Two Lounge Easy Chairs and Four Occasional ditto, covered rich Brocade Silk, the whole lot being offered for 25 gs.; a similar SET in Empire Design, 14 gs., and a smaller SET in Chippendale Design for 9 gs.; unique specimens of Aubusson, Persian, Turkey, Axminster, and other fine CARPETS, from 21s. each; some delightful pieces of Vienna, Dresden, and other CHINA, some rare old Chinese, Indian, and other CURIOS; quantity of very fine GEORGIAN and other SILVER, about 750 oz.; Sheffield Plate and Electro-plated items; two delightful sets of ENGLISH TABLE GLASS; quantity of fine BED and TABLE LINEN; magnificent PAISHED OAK CANTEENS, by Carter, containing Cutlery by Mappin & Webb and Pilkington; some choice OLD and WATER PAINTINGS, beautifully executed; OLD ENGRAVINGS and COLOURED PRINTS.

LORRAINE-DIETRICH TOURING MOTOR-CAR, cost £1200, will accept £150 or near offer, in perfect order.

SEND FOR COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,
Now Ready, Free on Application. Mention this paper.

THE FURNITURE AND FINE-ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.,

48 to 50, PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.

(Few minutes from Highbury Station, North London Railway, and Great Northern and City Tube.)

Business hours: Open every day till 9, excepting Saturdays,
when we close at 1.

The whole of these Goods are now on view, and
any item can be seen and selected daily till sold.

Telephone: 3472 North.

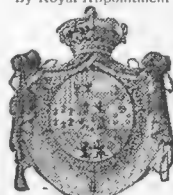
Grand Prix,
Diploma of Honour and

By Royal Appointment

Grand Prix
and Gold Medals.



Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1902.



to H.M. the King of Spain.



International Exhibition, Rome, 1912.

Insist on FREEZOMINT



and secure the original
CRÈME DE MENTHE
CUSENIER
imported direct from France

For One and All
The Ideal Food Drink
IS

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT, and MILK in Powder Form.

There is no one to whom the use of Horlick's Malted Milk will not prove beneficial. A sweeping statement but one which is made with the confidence of experience. The combined nutritive qualities of rich milk and the finest malted cereals form a perfect and natural food, and with these as its constituent parts Horlick's Malted Milk appeals to one and all, meeting in each case the special dietetic needs of the individual. Either as a complete or supplementary diet it stands alone and unrivalled, having the fullest endorsement of the entire Medical Profession and the leading Physical Culture Experts.

Readily assimilated with little tax on digestion, Horlick's nourishes, sustains and invigorates, supplies strength and vitality and builds up and maintains health, fitness and stamina. To the Business-man the regular use of Horlick's is especially valuable as it prevents fatigue and restores energy, and the Athlete finds in it the best training diet. In the home Horlick's is a valuable and delicious food-beverage suitable for all and more beneficial than tea, coffee, cocoa, etc.

Ready in a moment with Hot or Cold Water only.
NO ADDED MILK OR COOKING REQUIRED.
Served in Hotels, Restaurants, Cafés, and Club Houses.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK LUNCH TABLETS

A delicious food confection to be dissolved in the mouth, containing all the beneficial qualities of Horlick's in powder form.

Of all Chemists and Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles, at 1/6, 2/6 & 11/-.

Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK Co., Slough, Bucks.

*Born 1820
—Still going strong*



In these days of motors and promoters about the only thing that isn't hurried is——“Johnnie Walker”. That is still matured in the good old way, by time and nature alone. Same family management since 1820.

“White Label” is 6 years old. “Red Label” is 10 years old. “Black Label” is 12 years old.

To safeguard these ages, our policy for the future is our policy of the past. First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks over sales is always large enough to maintain our unique quality.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.



ON buying Silver Plate—many people become tired of purchases which, after a little wear, lose their lustre, when the imperfections of an indifferent article begin to reveal themselves. This never happens with "WELBECK" PLATE, which is warranted to wear for fifty years.

The problem of what to buy in order to give lasting pleasure and perfect satisfaction is at once solved by the immense range of reliable suggestions on view at our Showrooms. May we send you a Catalogue or a selection of articles on approval?

THE ALEXANDER
CLARK
CO LTD

125-126,
Fenchurch St.,
London, E.C.



188,
Oxford St.,
London, W.

WORKS: LONDON, BIRMINGHAM,
SHEFFIELD.



LISTS

of the substantially reduced prices of British

DUNLOP

MOTOR TYRES

have been posted to the leading motorists in the Kingdom.

If by any chance you have not received yours, a post-card will bring you one per return.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham;
and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W. Paris: 4, Rue du
Colonel Moll. Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.

OSRAM The Wonderful Lamp



Famed throughout the world for its unique qualities of
LONG LIFE, GREAT STRENGTH, LOW CURRENT
CONSUMPTION, and UNDIMINISHED BRILLIANCY,
has obtained unparalleled popularity amongst electric-light
consumers and recorded what is unquestionably one of the
most striking individual successes ever connected with the
Electrical Industry of this country.

The Theatres use them, Railway Companies use them,
Shipping Companies use them, Factories use them, Hospitals,
Stores, Shops, Offices, Private Houses, and such like all use
them; whilst many of the principal Towns in Great Britain
use them for street lighting, because—

OSRAM DRAWN WIRE LAMPS

can at all times be absolutely relied upon. And because OSRAM is the
current-saving lamp, consequently it reduces the cost of electric lighting to the
lowest possible level.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Every Electrical Contractor or Ironmonger who displays the "OSRAM WEEK" sign during the
week commencing Oct. 27, has ample stocks of Osram Lamps, and can supply you with any
quantity, large or small. Moreover, you can rest assured that you will receive courteous attention
and expert advice.

Ask for particulars of **REDUCED PRICES.**



"OSRAM WEEK"
Sign.



Best black MOIRE SILK,
with Gilt Inner Frame.
21/-

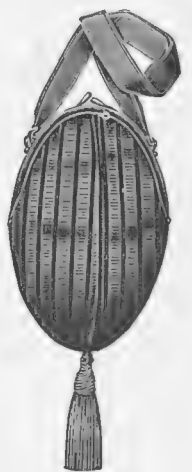
John Pound & Co. The Leading House for LADIES' WRIST BAGS.



Lady's Wrist Bag, made of FINE MOROCCO,
Captive Purse, SILVER GILT mounts.
Colours: Navy, Violet, Black, Green, 25/6

Post orders
receive careful
and immediate
attention.

WRITE
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THE "CONNAUGHT."
Very pretty Bag, made of
black striped MOIRE SILK.
Special 21/- Value



Real Hard-grain MOROCCO, inner
frame, strong double Handles.
Navy, Green, and Black.
Special 10/6 Offer.



Fine Hard-grain MOROCCO
complete with Mirror, Writing
Tablet, and Captive Purse.
Navy, Green, and Black.
19/6

268-270, OXFORD STREET, W.
211, Regent Street, W. 67, Piccadilly, W.
177-178, Tottenham Court Road, W.
243, Brompton Road, S.W.
81-84, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.



"THE QUEEN":—

"Palmolive is an ideal Soap for the Complexion."

The leading ladies' papers all recommend PALMOLIVE Soap. — Why? Because PALMOLIVE actually nourishes, cleanses and beautifies the skin.

Made from Palm and Olive Oils, in it are combined all the virtues of these well-known aids to beauty.

There is no soap like

PALMOLIVE

After a day in the wind or dust a wash with PALMOLIVE is simply delightful.

Its soothing and beneficial effects upon the inflamed and tender skin, preserve the complexion free from blemish.

There is nothing in PALMOLIVE Soap to irritate the tenderest of skins, and the youngest of babies can safely be washed with it.

PALMOLIVE contains no free alkali, no artificial colour, no pungent perfume—It is the purest of pure soaps.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the Chemists for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps with name and address.

The B. J. JOHNSON SOAP Co., 124, Holborn, London, E.C.

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

BONUS YEAR 1913



ALL Profit Policies issued during 1913 will share in the Division of Profits at 31st December next. The present is therefore an exceptionally opportune time for taking out a Profit Policy with this Society.

Write for Bonus-Year Prospectus.

Head Office: 9, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.
London: 28, Cornhill, E.C., and 5, Waterloo Place, S.W.

A GOOD THING NEVER LACKS IMITATORS

'Golden Shred'

MARMALADE

may be imitated, but never equalled.

Note that—

ROBERTSON is the ONLY MAKER.

The Pomeroy Treatment for SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

This method accomplishes the destruction of each separate hair, without hurt to the skin, without leaving a scar, without possibility of the hair so treated growing again. The root and papilla are effectually destroyed, there is nothing left to grow.

The treatment is given by experts specially chosen for their manipulative skill and aptitude for the work. They carry out their important duties aided by the latest and best scientific appliances, and under the pleasantest conditions.

Write or call for further particulars—

Mrs. Pomeroy Ltd., 29, Old Bond St., London, W.

Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, Sheffield.




THE QUEEN of
CRÈME DE MENTHE
PIPPERMINT
GET FRÈRES
A HIGH-CLASS TONIC AND
DIGESTIVE LIQUEUR
Sold by Wine Merchants and Stores.
Free Sample sent upon receipt of three penny stamps.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM
AND BRITISH COLONIES:
B. LAURIEZ & CO., 6, Fenchurch Buildings,
LONDON, E.C.



NO HEATING REQUIRED
Melanyl
INDELIBLE Marking Ink
OF ALL STATIONERS, CHEMISTS & STORES
NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE
NICKEL LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH 1/- SIZE
COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD
7 & 9 ST BRIDE STREET
LONDON E.C.
6D & 1/- BOTTLES

The Subscription List will close on or before Wednesday, 22nd October, 1913.

CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ LOAN OF 1913,

Capital of the Russian Empire,

FOR £2,300,000,

Or 21,735,000 Roubles, or 57,960,000 Francs, or 46,920,000 Marks,

OF WHICH £1,200,000 HAS BEEN TAKEN FIRM.

Part of an Authorised Issue of Roubles 66,500,000, equivalent in Sterling £7,037,037 0s. 7d.

The Loan is created by virtue of a Resolution of the Municipal Council, and is authorised by the Imperial Government of Russia.

PRICE OF ISSUE £93 15s.

The Loan is redeemable at par in 67 years from 15th January, 1915, by annual drawings on 14th October of each year, for Payment on the following 15th January, commencing on 14th October, 1914, or by purchase in the market. The Municipality reserves to itself the right, on or after 14th April, 1924, to increase the drawings or to redeem the whole Loan at par on giving three months' notice.

The Bonds will be free, both as to principal and interest, from all present and future taxes of the City or of the Imperial Government of Russia. They will be to bearer, in denominations of £1000, £500, £100, and £20, or their equivalents in Roubles, Francs, and Marks at the exchanges of Rs. 9.45, Fcs. 25.20, and M. 20.40 per £ respectively.

Principal and interest will be payable in Sterling in London, at the Offices of Messrs. Boulton Bros. and Co., 39, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., or at the holder's option in Russia, France, and Germany, at the above rates of exchange.

Lloyds Bank Limited, The Bank of Scotland, & Messrs. Boulton Bros. & Co.

ARE AUTHORISED BY THE

RUSSIAN AND ENGLISH BANK, ST. PETERSBURG,

to receive applications at the price of £93 15s. for every £100 nominal capital, payable as follows:—

For £100 Bond.	For £20 Bond.
£10 os. on Application.	£2 os. on Application.
£23 15s. " Allotment.	£4 15s. " Allotment.
£30 os. " 12th November, 1913.	£6 os. " 12th November, 1913.
£15 os. " 12th December, 1913.	£3 os. " 12th December, 1913.
£15 os. " 12th February, 1914.	£3 os. " 12th February, 1914.
£93 15s.	£18 15s.

Payment in full may be made on allotment, or on any subsequent instalment date, under discount at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

The interest is payable half-yearly on 14th April and 14th October.

Installments carry interest at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum from the dates of payment, and Scrip Certificates will be issued in due course in exchange for the duly receipted Allotment Letters, and will bear a Coupon of £1 12s. 4d. per £100, payable on 14th April, 1914.

Scrip Certificates will be exchangeable in due course for Definitive Bonds at the Offices of Messrs. Boulton Bros. and Co., 39, Old Broad Street, E.C. The Bonds will have half-yearly Coupons attached, payable on 14th April and 14th October in each year. The first full half-yearly Coupon will be payable on 14th October, 1914.

The money is required for Tramway extension, the building of bridges, and various Municipal improvements.

The following Official statistics have been furnished, the roubles having been converted into pounds sterling at the rate of Rs. 94.50 per £10.

According to the census of 1908, the population was 1,778,000, and on January 1st, 1912, was 1,990,000.

The total amount of Internal and External Loans of the City on 1st January, 1913, was Rs. 89,112,887 (£9,429,935).

The present loan ranks *pari passu* with the existing loans.

The Revenue of the City for the year 1912 was

Rs. 43,597,621 (£4,613,505).

and the amount required during the current year to meet the payment of interest and redemption in respect of all outstanding loans, excluding the present issue, is about Rs. 4,653,543 (£492,438).

The Revenue of the City during the last four years has been as follows:—

1909 .. Rs. 34,406,248 (£3,640,873)	1910 .. Rs. 37,353,056 (£3,952,704)
1911 .. Rs. 40,561,449 (£4,292,217)	1912 .. Rs. 43,597,621 (£4,613,505)

Estimated for 1913 about Rs. 44,325,113 (£4,690,489)

The Assets and Liabilities of the City at 1st January, 1913, were as follows:—

ASSETS.	LIABILITIES.
Cash in hand and with Bankers .. Rs. 7,902,546 = £836,248	Loans .. Rs. 89,112,887 = £9,429,935
Liquid Securities .. 11,044,437 1,168,724	Coupons and drawn Bonds not yet presented for payment .. 430,422 45,547
Municipal Assets, Freehold Land, etc. .. 231,644,251 24,512,619	Sundry Creditors .. 13,898,582 1,470,749
Movable Assets .. 24,636,814 2,607,070	Deposits, etc. .. 6,643,217 702,986
Sundry Debtors .. 11,346,118 1,200,647	Surplus of Assets over Liabilities .. 252,460,545 26,715,402
Municipal Works .. 75,971,487 8,039,311	
Rs. 362,545,653 £38,364,619	Rs. 362,545,653 £38,364,619

Under the Imperial Decree undrawn Bonds of this issue will be accepted as Security on orders and deliveries and other contracts with the Town Boards of St. Petersburg at their nominal value, and also as Security on orders and deliveries for the Imperial Government in virtue of Art. 77 of Regulations on Government Contracts and Deliveries.

Applications should be made on the form provided and forwarded to any of the Bankers, with a deposit of £10 per cent. on the nominal amount applied for.

If no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full, and in the event of a partial allotment, the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the payment of the amount due on allotment. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render the allotment and all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Brokerage of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. will be paid in respect of applications bearing Brokers' stamps.

Application for a Special Settlement and Quotation will in due course be made to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange.

A certified translation of the Resolution of the Municipal Council authorising the present issue can be seen at the Offices of Messrs. Dawes and Sons, 2, Birch Lane, E.C., during the usual business hours on any day while the List is open.

Prospectuses and Application Forms may be obtained from:—

MESSRS. BOULTON BROS. AND CO., 39, OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED, LOMBARD STREET, E.C., AND BRANCHES.

THE BANK OF SCOTLAND, 30, BISHOPSGATE, E.C., AND BRANCHES.

20th October, 1913.

This Form of Application may be used.

CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ LOAN OF 1913, for £2,300,000

To LLOYDS BANK LIMITED, Lombard Street, E.C., or

To BANK OF SCOTLAND, 30, Bishopsgate, E.C., or

To Messrs. BOULTON BROS. & CO., 39, Old Broad Street, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to you the sum of £.....being a deposit of Ten per cent. on.....pounds nominal Capital of the above Loan,.....agree to accept that amount or any less sum that may be allotted to.....and to pay the further sums due in respect of such allotment according to the conditions of the Prospectus dated 20th October, 1913.

Signature.....

Name (in full).....

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss).....

Address (in full).....

Description.....Dated.....October, 1913.

30

All cheques to be made payable to Bearer and crossed.

NAPIER

In reference to the famous Alpine trial recently completed by a

30-35 h.p. 6-Cylinder NOISELESS NAPIER

under the official observation of the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, we give a few typical Press extracts on this 2,106 miles test, which included nearly 70,000 feet of Alpine climbing.

"THE TEST TREMENDOUS."—*The Sketch*

"AN HEROIC TRIAL."—*The Bystander*.

"It constitutes a record both for the Club and for British Cars."—*Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 9.

"No car has ever been subjected to a trial of such severity, and the Napier firm deserve every congratulation on the completely successful issue."

Army and Navy Gazette, Oct. 11.

"A great seal upon the past performances of the Napier as a vehicle of power and pace, of efficiency and economy."—*Autocar*, Oct. 11.

"The cars that can equal this performance are still to be found, probably still to be made."

Westminster Gazette, Oct. 14.

"As a test of a new model this storming of the Alps may be said to be truly unique and singularly successful. It cannot fail to sustain on the Continent the high prestige in which the British cars are justly held."—*Birmingham Daily Post*, Oct. 10.

"Reads more like a page from Wonderland than a prosaic narrative of actual achievement."

Outlook, Oct. 11.

"A notable motor-car trial."—*Times*, Oct. 14.

30/35 H.P. SIX - CYLINDER CHASSIS, PRICE WITH TYRES, LIGHTING DYNAMO & RUDGE-WHITWORTH DETACHABLE WIRE WHEELS **£650**

We shall be pleased to demonstrate personally the superlative merits of this Model.

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.

Manufacturers of Napier Motors,

14, NEW BURLINGTON ST., LONDON, W.

Works: Acton, W.

Motors



Get the Pen that fills itself

that cannot leak—that is All-British Made—that is designed to last a lifetime—and will be put right by the manufacturers if it ever goes wrong—

The One Really Satisfactory Self-Filling Safety Fountain Pen—the ONOTO.

Onoto Pen

Price 10/6 and upwards of all Stationers, Jewellers, and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to THOMAS DE LA RUE & Co., LTD., 194, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Ask for ONOTO INK—Best for all pens.

The Watch-Pocket Onoto, 10/6

Linen Manufacturers by Appointment



To HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

Walpole Bros. Ltd.

Irish Linen Manufacturers and Ladies' Outfitters.

Established 1766.

Blouse and Lingerie Lists, Baby Linen & Infants' Cot List. Largely illustrated. Post free.



No. 26. Smart Shirt in Ivory Crêpe de Chine, with roll collar and cuffs of brocade Crêpe. Self Material piping. Dainty drop button finish on front.

Price 29/6 All Sizes.

Washing Silk Shirts from 12/11

175-176, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

108-110, High St., KENSINGTON.

(Belfast, Dublin, New York, Melbourne.)

COLD FEET!

ARE you one of the many people who suffer much from cold feet? If you are, you must know that cold feet seriously threaten your health and impair your mental activity. Doctors will tell you to combat this danger at all costs. You cannot sit by the fireside all day long.

It is specially for you, and for everyone who studies personal health and comfort, whether at home or at business, that the new Lanco Electric Rug has been invented. It supplies to the feet a delightful soft warmth which, rising from the floor, is distributed evenly throughout the room. This is the perfect method of heating, and the most healthful.

Get the wonderful

Lanco Electric Rug

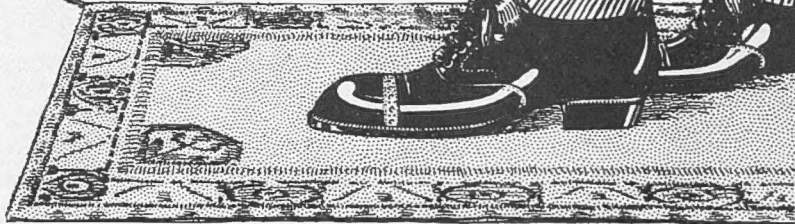
Attach the fitment to any electric-light plug or socket, and the rug commences its work right away. You can sit and work in absolute comfort. Overheating is impossible. Of danger there is none. The Electric heating element consists of a fine, strong and flexible tissue, thoroughly protected and scientifically insulated. The current used is so small as not to matter.

Lanco Electric reversible woollen mats best quality, for voltages from 100 to 240

Size, approx., 15 in. x 20 in.
Mottled Grey, 35/-; Plain Sage Green, 37/6
Self Rose coloured or Green Trellis, 40/-

Size, approx., 18 in. x 25 in.
As above, 45/- 47/- and 50/- respectively
If your Electrician cannot supply, you can obtain (by stating voltage) from

THE LANCO COMPANY
2 St. Ann's Chambers, Orchard St., London, S.W.



**Beautiful Curly Locks
After ZAM-BUK Had
Cured Her**

RINGWORM

**GRAND
DOUBLE CURE!**

"Marjorie, aged 10," says Mrs. E. Kinnaird, of 4, Harberson Road, Balham, London, S.W., "had a number of dry scurfy patches on her head which caused the hair to fall out. These scurfy patches turned to itchy ringworms and spread practically all over the child's head.

"We were obliged to cut away what was a really magnificent growth of hair. I tried my best to get rid of the crusty sores. My treatment, however, failed altogether, so I took Marjorie regularly for four months to St. Thomas's Hospital.

"Doris, our eldest girl, also suffered in the same way as Marjorie, and when the treatment in her case also proved a complete failure, I decided to try Zam-Buk, which I had heard a lot about.

"Zam-Buk loosened the scurfy patches and relieved the children's irritation. The children improved rapidly, and when all trace of the ringworms had disappeared Marjorie returned to school, where the Council School Nurse expressed surprise at the way the child's head had been cleansed by Zam-Buk and the beautiful head of hair that had grown again.

"In both cases the children's hair is stronger and more abundant than ever."

Zam-Buk is unequalled for injuries and deep-seated skin troubles.

Zam-Buk

A FEW HOMELY HINTS ON BEAUTY.

BY RITA MOYA.

Every woman should take pride in her personal appearance. If it is not possible to be beautiful in the fullest sense of the word, at least



RITA MOYA.
The Celebrated Comedy Actress.

you can have the attractiveness of a pleasant expression, glossy, well-kept hair, eyes shaded by long lashes, well-marked eyebrows and a clear, natural complexion. My first advice is to avoid most manufactured "beauty preparations." Use simple, pure, natural ingredients. Use these regularly and do not make constant changes and experiments. The various things I use and advise can be bought in original packages from any reliable chemist. If they are not in stock he can at once procure them from his wholesaler if you insist.

To Renew Complexions Without Cosmetics.

If the excessive user of cosmetics only knew the impression her artificiality really makes upon others, she would quickly seek the means of gaining a natural complexion. Let her acquire the mercifulised wax habit, discarding make-up entirely, and she will soon have the kind of complexion that women envy and men admire. It is so easy to get a little mercifulised wax from the chemist and use it nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the morning. Gradually the lifeless, soiled outer cuticle peels off in tiny invisible flakes, and in a week or so you have a brand new complexion, clear, soft, velvety, and of girlish colour and texture. The treatment is so simple, harmless, and marvellously effective, the wonder is that every woman whose skin is withered and discoloured has not already adopted it.

New Painless Way to Remove Hairy Growths.

It now transpires that the mysterious white paste used so successfully by many beauty specialists for ridding the skin of objectionable hairy growths is nothing more than powdered pheninol, which can be found in any chemist's shop. With pheninol and water make enough paste to cover hairy surface; apply, and in two or three minutes rub off, wash the skin and it will be free from hair or blemish.

Shampoo and Hair Beautifier.

You complain of brittle, faded hair. You will find that keeping the scalp clean and healthy is the most effective way to restore the natural beauty and softness, but in selecting your shampoo avoid soaps or mixtures containing "free" alkali. By dissolving a teaspoonful of staxall in a cup of hot water you will have a mild, soothing, cleansing mixture that makes the head feel fine and removes all dust, dandruff, and excess of oil, leaving the scalp clean and pliant, and assuring a beautiful growth of long, lustrous, fluffy hair.

No Powder Necessary.

Yes, powder has ruined more complexions than it has aided, and while you use it you can hope for nothing better than an imitation of a real complexion. Take my advice. Get from your chemist some ordinary clemite and dissolve in a little water, then you will have an ideal yet inexpensive lotion which seems a part of the skin. The result lasts all day long even under the most trying conditions. To prepare the face and neck for an evening in a hot ball-room, there is nothing to equal this simple and harmless lotion.

If Eyelashes are Short.

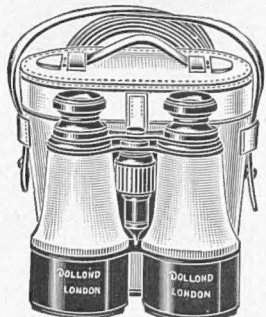
Eyelashes will be greatly beautified if mennaline be applied at lash-roots with thumb and forefinger. A few such treatments make them grow long, silky, and curly. Thin, straggly eyebrows will grow thick and lustrous by merely rubbing mennaline on, but be careful, and don't get any where no hair is wanted.

Wonderful Growth of Hair.

Long ago I made a resolution to try and concoct a real hair-grower. My own formula, now perfected after tedious experimenting, has had the effect of giving me a wealth of hair, that is surprising. Obtain from your chemist an original package of boranium and mix with this 2-pint of bay rum. Rub this into the scalp night and morning with the finger-tips. It sets the hair roots tingling with new life.

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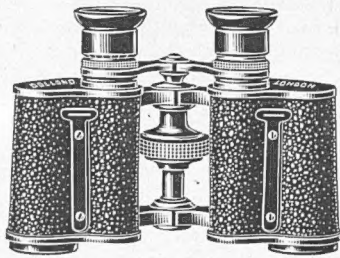


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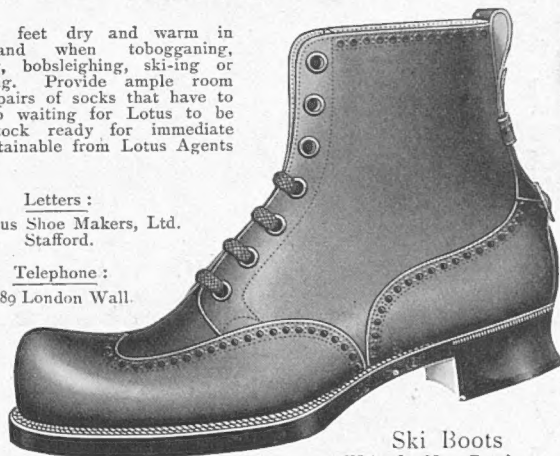
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WOMAN AND GAME-SHOOTING.

THE march of woman into the world of sport is bringing her in ever-increasing numbers to the hedgerow and the covert-side. In the past few years I have shot in the company of many ladies, and almost without exception, they have acquitted themselves creditably enough. If they cannot handle the ordinary twelve-bore shot-gun with ease, they are content with a twenty, or even twenty-eight-bore weapon, and that is sufficiently deadly if, in the language of an old countryman I know, you do but "hold the spout right." I can remember one or two ladies who at the close of a long day have been guilty of holding their weapon carelessly; I have seen one go over a stile without attending to the safety-bolt, but common candour compels me to confess that this fault, a serious one enough, is not limited to one sex. Those of us who, after twenty or thirty years of sport, can claim never to have peppered man or boy, dog or ferret, are, unfortunately, hardly in the majority; some of the most careful shots one knows have some slight blemish in their earlier history. Thoroughly considered and fairly judged, I think women have played the game, and, as a rule, they do not indulge in the long shots that may wound but are hardly likely to kill—the class of shot that should never be fired by man or woman. Yet, in spite of her merits and capacity, the fact remains that the woman at the shoot is unpopular. If she comes out with a gun she is regarded with violent suspicion by all men; and if she walks out with the guns, her presence is tolerated rather than liked. Her good behaviour is ignored, but should she make the smallest fault, or be responsible for the least breach of shooting etiquette, an indignant "I told you so" passes from one mere man to another. I have tried on several occasions to fathom this dislike to its foundations, and the most persistent inquiry does no more than show that these foundations are unfathomable. If the ladies are content to turn up at lunch or tea-time and add by their presence to the comfort of man, they are welcome; but this would seem to be, in many eyes, the full limit of their rights.

I was amused last winter by an incident that is worth recording in this connection. A lady was one of the party, and she shot extremely well, taking no risks, leaving fancy shots alone, and killing nearly every time. In the evening one of the visitors motored me back to my home and criticised severely the presence of a lady at the woodside. He declared that he had no old-fashioned prejudices, but that it simply wasn't safe. I pointed out for his

information that the lady in question is a big-game shot, and that she has distinguished herself in other countries with the rifle as well as with the shot-gun. Thereupon my companion, forgetting that prejudices were unknown to him, remarked: "Well, even if she is a good shot, and a safe one, I don't like to see women out shooting, and I never shall." The chances are that he will live to overcome his dislike, for he is a keen shooting-man, and woman has come to stay. She has learned to stalk the red deer of the Highlands and to take her place in the butts; she can't be cured, and must be endured. Speaking as a mere observer of the modern woman's development, I would rather see her by the covert-side fetching her birds from the level of the tree-tops than meet her in the West End of London selling dubious publications to the general public. Nowadays there is not much to be feared from inexperience, for there are plenty of shooting-schools where women can be taught not only to aim correctly, but to carry their gun in fashion that provides ample security for all round them. As far as the humanitarian side of the question is concerned, each must decide for herself. To some the spectacle of killing is altogether repugnant; to others it is a matter of indifference. In Spain little children of all ages, from six and upwards, and both sexes go to the *plaza de toros* and witness, unmoved, the most disgusting episodes, scenes of the kind that would not be tolerated in a slaughter-house; but I have not found the Spanish woman more indifferent to suffering than her sisters of other countries. Women will never take to shooting on the scale practised by men; they have not the requisite strength. They could not endure the walking, and they could not use as many cartridges. They would soon feel footsore, and suffer from gun-headache if they attempted too much. If you watch the ladies of the party who are walking with the guns in September, before the crops are cleared, the limits of their endurance will soon be made manifest, though it is fair to say that even the strongest are handicapped by their skirts. A field or two of tares, mustard, or clover, to say nothing of a fallow, will bring their enthusiasm down from fever-heat to the neighbourhood of zero. When the crops are cleared bad weather is setting in, the going is heavy, and, as far as I have been able to see, women hate dirt more than they love sport. So the dangers of invasion do not need to be taken seriously. There is already a moderate incursion into the realm of game-shooting; it will tend to develop, but it will never become a danger. Moreover—and this is a point not to be forgotten—in the next few years the Chancellor of the Exchequer will probably abolish shooting as something useless and dangerous.

B.

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